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JANUARY, 1953

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 46 No. 1 JANUARY, 1953

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Cover Design *The Festive Season*

Articles

This Shameful Age
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *Pogorski* 9 and 57–58

Thus The Career Woman
by *Pamela Fry* 10–11 and 50

Mayfair's Changing Face
by *Guy Livingston*
Illustration
by *Alma Lee* 12 and 60

The Return Of Ulysses
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *R. Hodgson* 13–16

Those Were The Days
by *Trevor Holloway*
Illustration
by *Wetherbee* 17 and 58

Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
Radical Aids To Beauty 18–19

Backcloth For The Bard
by *John Goodwin* 20–21 and 59

Where The Sun Shines
by *Margaret Stevenson* 25 and 53–54

The Favour Of Your Letter
by *V. Shearer* 29

Paper Chase
by *Michael Sheridan* 30–31 and 60

To Love And To Last 32 and 33

Book Reviews:
by *Trevor Allen* 34 and 50

Knitting:
Tailored Jacket 38–39 and 55
Evening Sweater 39 and 55

Shopping For You 40–41

Wicker And Wire 42

A Cottage Grows Up 43–46

How The Atom Heals
by *Dr. Baden Beatty* 47 and 57

Recipes Recalled
by *Janet Darby* 48–49 and 60

Stories

Three Suitors For Helène
by *Henry Garnett*
Illustrations
by *Howat* 5–8 and 59

Manful Dancing
by *Rupert Croft-Cooke*
Illustrations
by *Victor Bertoglio* 22–24 and 51–53

Who Laughs Is Lost
by *Michael Hastings*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 26–28 and 55–57

The Perfect Murder
by E. R. Punshon
Illustrations
by *Terence Freeman* 35–37 and 54

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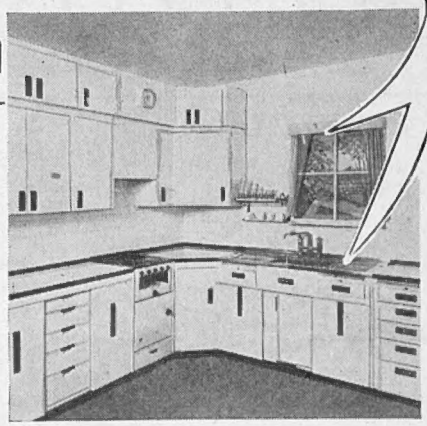
Glamour in the kitchen



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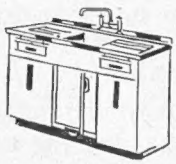

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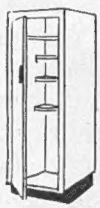

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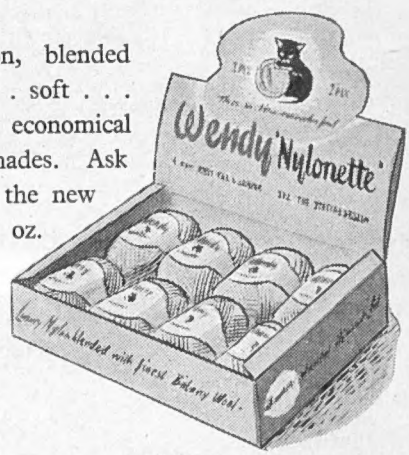

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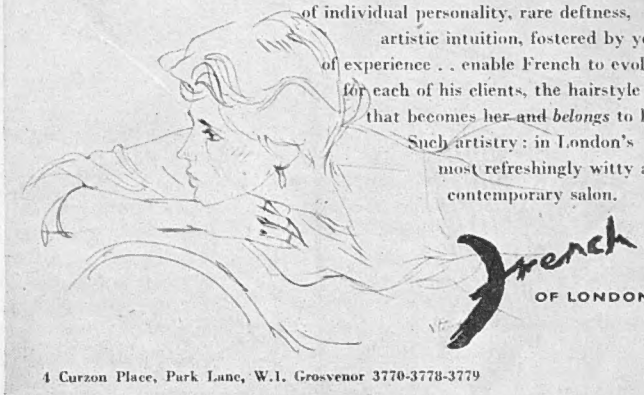

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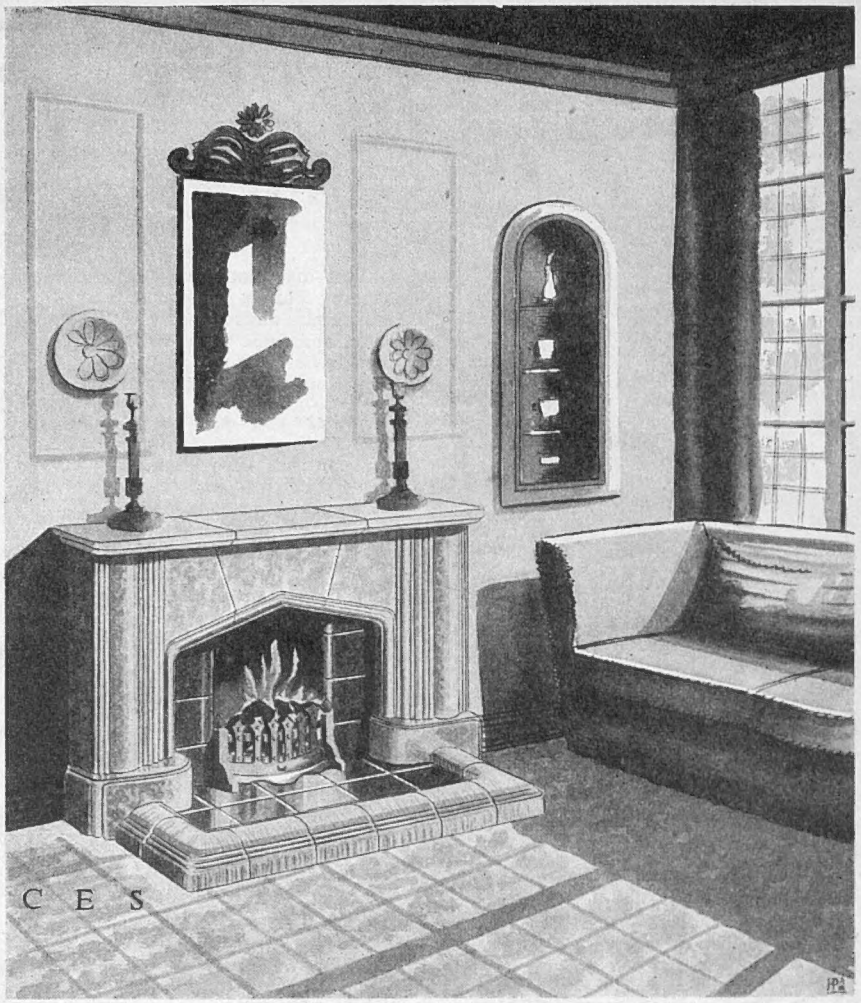

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Three Suitors for Helène

Although Helène was only seventeen, she had the poise of a woman in her middle twenties. All the men loved her to some extent, but the three friends were head over heels about her.

An entertaining story

by

HENRY GARNETT.

THE old fellows who lived in Greece thousands of years ago had some sound ideas.

They used to tell a story about the Fates. Three sisters they were who, so to speak, looked after a man's life. They spun out the thread of his destiny.

Actually, the old boys didn't go far enough. They ought to have said that the sisters wove a lot of the threads together to make a pattern.

There was a pattern all right in the lives of three men who first met during the war. Soldiers, of course. At least, one was a soldier. The other two wore khaki for the duration.

Harry Sheraton was the soldier. Major Harry Sheraton, to give him his full title. Battery Commander in the Gunners. Every inch a soldier, he was. Spit and polish, gun drill every morning, "stand to" at dawn and dusk, even when the tide of war had ebbed a thousand miles.

His Battery Captain was a tall, fair chap by the name of Wilson. "Johnny," the gunners called him. He had a quiet, gentle manner and never raised his voice, but there was something hard inside him. He'd been a schoolmaster before the war. It's a safe bet that none of his pupils ever forgot him. The men never did, and they would have followed him through hell and high-water too.

The third of the trio was a doc. Big, plumpish, red-faced and jolly, the doc was. And without an ounce of fear in him.

Most people would have said they were absolutely different types. Anybody who really knew them realised that they all had the same quality. It was a quality of determination. Anything they wanted they went flat out to get, and nothing would turn them aside.

Perhaps that 's why they became such friends.

TOWARDS the back end of the war the regiment was stationed in Port Said. It was pretty dull, but the Major went on with his drills and " stand to's." Johnny went strolling quietly round the sites, spinning yarns about science and explaining why atom bombs worked. He always left the men with something to talk about.

The doc beamed and seemed as happy curing prickly heat as he was patching broken bodies in Tobruk.

Port Said was full of a mixture of European nationalities. Canal pilots and shipping men most of them. English, French, Danes, Swedes, and others were there. And they all seemed anxious to give the troops something to brighten things up. So they took to throwing parties in their luxurious flats.

One chap in particular threw one every week. He was a Frenchman by the name of Albrand. His parties were always crowded. The reason was he had a seventeen-year-old daughter who was an eyeful.

It was often said that Helène Albrand was the prettiest girl in the Middle East. She might easily have earned that title

A Frenchman by the name of Albrand threw a cocktail party every week. Major Sheraton, Captain Wilson, and the doc. were always there, and always anxious to speak to Helène.

in France or England. And it wasn't only her face.

Although Helène was only seventeen she had all the poise and self-assurance of a woman in her middle twenties.

There wasn't an officer, from the Major-General commanding the Area downwards, who didn't grow two inches when she stopped and spoke at the Bathing Beach at Port Fouad. And when she smiled at a gunner in the streets, as she often did, his eyes popped out and his knees knocked together.

Every man-jack was in love with her to some extent, but the three friends were head over heels. Each one knew that the other two had got it bad. It didn't affect their friendship, though. Maybe because each one was sure that he 'd win in the end.

All three went together to M. Albrand's cocktail parties and to tea there, and made up to mother several days a week. So there wasn't much opportunity to speak to Helène alone.

THE doc had the first chance. He met M. Albrand in the street one morning. Helène had come home the night before with a bad leg. Jellyfish sting, or something. Perhaps the doc would be good enough to look in. *Mille remerciements.*

The doc's hands were steady as a rock as he fixed the dressing on Helène's leg. But an electric current went up his arms and made his heart beat fast. In that moment he made up his mind to speak. Helène's mother went out of the room.

He sat down on a low stool and gulped.

Then with a rush the doc told Helène he loved her. Would she marry him when the war was over ? That wouldn't be long. There was nothing he wouldn't do for her. Nothing he wouldn't give her within his means.

He took Helène's hand and held it.

Helène looked at him with her great, grey eyes. They were moist and shining. The doc's heart began to thump again and his mouth went dry.

She was very, very fond of him, she said. He was so *sympathique.* Was she in love with him ? Who could tell ? What is love ? She liked to be with him. To talk with him. Helène withdrew her hand and stroked the doc's hair.

But she was too young to think of marriage. Papa would be angry. Terribly. Twenty-four was the right age to marry. *Oui,* twenty-four. They should speak of it again when she was nearly twenty-four. Not in Egypt. No, in Paris. In the spring. Meanwhile, it must be a secret between them.

Helène leaned from her *chaise longue* and kissed the doc on the cheek.

He left walking on air.

JOHNNY was biding his time.

The beach at Port Fouad was always crowded. And most crowded where Helène was. No chance there for Johnny. He hired a native boat and had it rowed to Port Fouad.

At one of Mme. Albrand's tea-parties he seized an opportunity to invite Helène to a bathing picnic in his boat. They would be in sight of the beach all the time. She agreed readily enough.

Maybe she guessed what was coming.

Johnny's boat bobbed against the steps at the Bathing Beach. Helène jumped aboard. Amidst glares from Brigadiers and subalterns Johnny rowed out into the bay and anchored.

They dived and swam. They climbed aboard again for coffee and sandwiches. Johnny began to talk.

He told Helène about his school. He spoke of cricket in summer evenings ; companionship with other masters ; jolly dinner parties at the headmaster's ; a House-mastership when he was married.

Johnny was younger than the doc.

In the end he got the proposal out.

Helène looked at him with shining eyes. She stroked the little golden hairs on his knee. She was so fond of him, she said. Always there was nothing she liked better than to be with him. To hear about the little boys at school. Johnny was so *sympathique.*

But Papa. He would be angry. At twenty-four she must marry, he had said. It was so short a time. They would talk again when she was twenty-three. In Paris. *Oui,* it was a promise. Until then it must be a secret between them.

Helène kissed Johnny lightly on the cheek and jumped into the sea. She called to Johnny to follow.

THE doc was spending the day at the hospital at Kantara. The Major spoke to Johnny as the Major. Captain Wilson took over. Harry Sheraton drove his truck into Port Said and called for Helène.

He wanted to buy a present for his sister. Anything—shoes, a frock, a necklace. Would Helène help ? Of course she would. With pleasure. They departed for Simon Arzt's stores.

Afterwards they sat at a corner table in the café overlooking the harbour. Harry told her about the life of a regular soldier in peacetime. All the fun of foreign stations. Gibraltar, Malta, sailing, parties and polo. After the war he would be promoted. He would have the regiment. The Colonel's wife is the first lady in the regiment. Would Helène take it on ? Everybody would love her. As he did. In a different way, of course.

Helène turned her big, grey eyes to him. She smiled tenderly. He was her *cher* 'Arry, she said. Love him ? She could not tell. But very fond of him. He was so gallant, so *sympathique.* Marry she could not. Papa had forbidden. She would engage herself at twenty-three and marry after a year. When she was twenty-three they would speak of it again. Yes, she was sure. At her home in Paris. Till then they would speak of it to no one. A secret for the two of them.

Quickly Helène looked round, and brushed Harry's cheek with her lips.

The Major took Helène home in a gharry. They talked of the war, but Helène's hand lay in Harry's.

The Major's batman was shocked. The Major was singing to himself in his tent . . .

THE doc was on the balcony of the English Club, a whisky-and-soda at his elbow.

Captain Wilson was in his tent trying to write to his mother.

Major Sheraton was in the battery office gazing, without seeing, at a pile of papers.

Each one was swearing a mighty oath that he would not rest until he could give Helène a home worthy of her. Each one promised himself that he would make money to keep Helène as she should be kept. Each one convinced himself that seven years would be gone in a flash.

Simultaneously all three thought of Jacob serving seven years for Rachel, and laughed.

At least two of the Fates must have laughed as well as they drew four threads out of the pattern.

A few months later the three friends were separated.

Johnny was the first to go. Some brass-hat at the War Office noticed Johnny's academic qualifications. He had made quite a stir as a scientist in University circles. Later, too, in research. Then he had become a schoolmaster from choice.

The ponderous machinery of the War House began to move. Johnny found himself in London, preparing to follow the victorious armies into Germany. His job was to prise their secrets out of the German scientists.

There were no tearful farewells with Helène. It was all too rapid. Just a few words beneath the babble of a party.

"Helène, you won't forget? That day on the boat," Johnny had said.

"In Paris," Helène had replied. Then a quick squeeze of her hand. An intimate smile, and she was absorbed in another group.

Harry Sheraton and the doc went together. The regiment went.

There was no warning. Again each carried away a whispered reminder to look forward to Paris.

Then Sicily, Italy, France and Germany.

SUDDENLY the war was over.

Soon there wasn't a regiment any more. The Major was back in England. Then he wasn't a Major any more. Red tabs went up. He believed it was his own determination to get on. For Helène, of course. He was a full Colonel commanding an Army college in Germany.

Colonel Sheraton took stock. It was a lovely town to be stationed in. The war had passed it by. The Saxon countryside was lovely too. Mountains. Spreading plains between the pine forests. Wild pig and deer waiting to be shot. Ski-ing in the winter. Grand.

His quarter, too. The Commandant's house in a university town. Spacious rooms. Central heating. Shining parquet flooring. Obsequious German servants. Even a swimming-pool in the garden.

It was five years since he had seen Helène. What more could a girl ask than he had to offer? Damme, he'd write and pop the question again.

It was September 1, 1948 . . .

The doc was demobbed. No regiment, no doc. He was back in practice. It was a suburb of Glasgow, with mean streets. Morning surgery. The sound of shuffling feet, coughs and whispered conversation floated into his consulting-room when the green-baize door opened. Notes; prescriptions; lumbago; rheumatism; the common cold. His daily round of visits. Confinements; measles; whooping-cough; chicken-pox; confinements. And always the telephone rang.

There's no future in it, the doc said to himself. He tried to picture Helène in his surroundings. She would not fit.

The doc didn't believe that he fitted, either.

Once he had specialised in orthopædic surgery. Then drifted into general practice. He began to read up his surgery again. The Army needed surgeons, he heard. He volunteered.

In six months he was serving in the 84th British Military Hospital. He was in Hamburg.

God, he loved the life! It was good to have the respect of nursing sisters once more. Even the near-terror of the German nurses pleased him. He was a person of consequence.

Then there were the evenings. There was good company in the Officers' Club. Once it had been the palatial Four Seasons Hotel. (*Continued on page* 59)

In a little glazed cage by the door sat Madame la Patronne. She was enormously fat, but the grey eyes of youth peeped over the ponderous cheek.

This Shameful Age

This is an age when the phoney and the fake appear to dominate our lives

TAKING a dig at the stable of speech writers which accompanied General Eisenhower on his coast-to-coast tours, Governor Stevenson asked that compassion should not be withheld from his opponent "in the ordeal he is enduring as he travels from ghost to ghost."

The unconcealed fact that the President-elect went round the United States uttering innumerable words which weren't his own, making himself freely a brand of human phonograph mouthing other men's thoughts, jarred on many in Europe.

Didn't this kind of thing give a bogus impression of a public man's grasp, acumen and powers? What had we better believe when a statesman or a politician made a speech—that it was his mind communicating with ours, or that he was expressing the thoughts and views of an unseen and unknown intermediary?

Now, ghost writing is at least as old as Homer. Bacon is sometimes spoken of as the greatest ghost writer in history. Dumas *père* kept a stable of ghosts and when he once asked Dumas *fils*, "Have you seen my latest book?" the son came back with: "No, Father. Have you?"

There's nothing new in the practice of ghosting, but what is new is the organized basis upon which it has had to be put in response to the constantly growing demand for what are termed "indispensable artisans in a modern society." The verb "to spook" for "to speak" has been coined in Whitehall whose army of P.R.O.s was all cut out to provide the material of ghosts. Ministers haven't the time (or the wit?) to give us of their own minds, so they give us other people's.

NATURALLY the Americans have carried things further. They now have university courses in ghost writing. The first was launched, appropriately, in American University, Washington, in which capital there are said to be 150 ghost writers at the top level. The student is taught how to adapt himself to the mind of his employer so that a ghost writer "shall not put words into the mouth of a speaker that the speaker himself cannot understand."

Rhythm is another important matter. Has one's employer sufficient sense of rhythm to put over such and such sentences? Matching the oratorical style of a putative user calls for coaching, but for the best results a man should know the fellow whose mind he is to create.

Doesn't it all reek of the phoney, the false and the fake? But doesn't so much else in the world to-day do no less? Has there ever been such a phoney age? Past epochs—Charles II, Louis XIV—stank of physical phoneyness. It seems the very word "phoney" dervies from the old English "fawney." For all-round phoneyness, however, the present is unique.

So we might have referred to Hitler's "fawney" (*Continued on page* 57)

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Thus

To the woman who has made the home her sphere the career woman is something of an enigma. Who and what is she? Is she a force in our social development or an accident of circumstances? Here is PAMELA FRY*'s summing up.*

THE married woman with a job is often regarded as a rather glamorous and fortunate creature. Her sister wives tend to think of her as the girl who manages to eat her cake—the very *best* cake—and have it, too. Hers, all the fun, none of the chores; all the best of marriage and none of the fuss of baby-raising. She has joined the Married Womens' Union, but she somehow avoids paying her dues. She may be frankly envied for her luck, or briskly criticized for her cavalier approach to wifehood. Sometimes both.

This is the popular concept of the career woman. But what happens when we look behind-the-scenes. What, exactly *is* a "career woman"? What does she do—how does she live? And last but not least, how did she come into existence?

Official statistics provide us with some surprising information. One out of every four married women have jobs and nearly half of *all* the women who go to work are married. And what do they work *at*? Well, just under fifteen per cent of working wives are directly or indirectly involved in factory work. About thirteen per cent are in the "distributive trades," which in everyday language means the business of buying and selling, retail and wholesale. A little item called "miscellaneous services" takes up another nineteen per cent —and this includes everyone from your daily char to the girl who sells you a ticket at the local cinema. 5.5 per cent are busy with public administration and defence; 2.2 per cent are in transportation, i.e. lady bus conductors, etc. Only one meagre 11.5 per cent who are listed under professional services could be accurately described as "career women."

In other words the majority of married women continue working because they need or want extra money, and not for sheer love of their job. It is hard to get a creative thrill out of washing anyone else's floor, or running the same machine in the same factory five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

But the lady with whom we are mainly concerned comes under that 11.5 per cent in the "professional services" column. She may be an artist or an actress, a doctor or a dentist, a journalist or a novelist. She may be in one of those specialized fields which have fallen almost entirely into feminine hands, such as social work, physiotherapy, occupational therapy. She may be a radiographer or a dietitian. She might easily be a teacher: sixty-two per cent of all teachers are women. Or perhaps a woman engineer; a profession which has enjoyed a major feminine invasion as the result of two world wars. She might even be one of the brave few who have stormed the august precincts of the law courts; three per cent of all practising barristers are women, two per cent of practising solicitors. Not an impressive figure, but we have at least gained a toe-hold.

BUT whatever her occupation; whether she is one of those unbelievably boneless ladies who decorate *Vogue*, or one of the twenty-seven female dignitaries gracing professorial chairs at English Universities—if she is married and working, she shares common problems. She is doing two jobs instead of one. She is bound to develop something of a split personality and to become somewhat of an expert in the art of

The Career Woman

compromise. Even if she is among the fabulously successful few, there will inevitably be moments when the demands of her career clash with the needs and exigencies of family life.

Of course, there are always the exceptions to the rule, those miraculous females who accomplish these sleight-of-hand of marriage-cum-job without disarranging a hair of their sleek heads. But for a more realistic and human glimpse of behind-the-scene, let us take the comfortable average : the professional woman who has achieved moderate success. She enjoys her job, she loves her husband, she dotes on her children. She may have been lucky enough to have found a reliable housekeeper, but it is more likely that she manages her household with daily help. The children go to school or to day nurseries, depending on their age. Most of the laundry is sent out, most of the shopping is done by phone. Husband and wife have probably agreed to some amicable division of household chores and parental responsibilities.

So far so good. It all sounds very nice and well-organized. In actual practice it works out rather differently. Keeping a job and a family going demands a highly efficient routine with little room left for manoeuvre. If you have an office job, you can just manage to make breakfast, take the children to school and get to work on time, providing everything operates on a split-second schedule. If you are a writer, and work at home, you learn to juggle editorial deadlines and family mealtimes with remarkable dexterity. Of course, the more specialized your job, the more likelihood of its demands overlapping into your private life : a family outing is disrupted by an unexpected board meeting ; a very necessary shopping expedition is made impossible by a last-minute request for an article. And there is always a moment when the whole precarious house of cards is threatened with collapse : illness at home coincides with a crisis at the office and the sudden disappearance of the daily help. You can cope with it, of course—very easily. All you need to do is nurse your children, soothe your husband, outrage housewifely instincts by ignoring the dust in the sitting-room, mollify your business associates and take a couple of aspirin !

A wider social orbit and the assurance acquired through her cultivation of it is the career woman's compensation for the loss of basic advantages which the domestic life has to offer

ONE thing that distinguishes the working mother from all other species, male or female, is that she is always in a hurry. Her life may be her own, but her time belongs to everyone else. During the week she concentrates on being a quick-change artist ; career woman during the day, wife and mother during the evening. She must be at her best with her family, because they see so little of her. She must be on her toes at work because it is professionally unethical (also impractical) to use family problems as an excuse for inefficiency. And, of course, she must keep up appearances ; one can hardly arrive at the office with unset hair, unpowdered nose and ancient carpet slippers !

There is no question about it—running a job and a family is a strenuous routine—and it takes inevitable toll : witness the high incidence of divorce among married women with careers. But it can work, and for those who succeed in making a go of it, there are very nice compensations. There is the pleasure and satisfaction of working at a job you genuinely enjoy. There is the plain fact that two incomes *do* go further than one ; and both necessities and luxuries are more easily come by. One learns to develop tolerance of one's own and other people's shortcomings, and to be generally more philosophical about life's little problems. As a purely protective measure, one develops a sense of humour, because it's often so much easier to laugh than to howl with rage. One is less likely to take either husband or children for granted, because time with them is limited. And the relationship between husband and wife gains in depth and understanding because there is none of the division of interests which can easily occur between housewife and wage earner. (*Continued on page* 50)

Mayfair's Changing Face

By GUY LIVINGSTON

MAYFAIR, the gilded heart of fashionable London, is in the melting-pot. This charmed rectangle bounded by Park Lane, Bond Street, Piccadilly and Oxford Street (or some line to the south of it), once the home of half Debrett and synonym for private luxury and wealth, is being transformed by commerce. To quote one recent commentator: "Typists are fast replacing the dowagers and business executives the peers."

Time was when Mayfair and commerce would have mingled about as readily as oil and water. But business, pushing remorselessly westward, has invaded even these exclusive streets, planting its offices, shops and showrooms in the trim, sedate houses once dedicated almost wholly to Society.

This new workaday trend in the western fringe of London W.1 rubs off most of the brittle sophisticated glamour which Michael Arlen cast over the Mayfair of the gay twenties. And even the light-romantic Mayfair touch of the Neagle-Wilding films is beginning to look dated now.

The opulence and the old elegance are still there of course; but the lavish accessories that were once the hall-mark of Mayfair living—the latest fashion-creations, rich furs, jewellery, the fine furnishings, antique pieces and so on—are seen as often in the showrooms of the Mayfair luxury business as in the salons of the private Mayfair mansion.

The cause of this social revolution is economic necessity. For some time, and especially since the war, mounting taxes and upkeep costs have been driving out dwellers unable to maintain their houses. And many of the empty premises have been snapped up and converted by bombed-out and space-starved firms from elsewhere in London.

In places the switch-over has been startling. To-day, for instance, in the whole length of Grosvenor Street there remains only one private house. The rest of this thoroughfare's essentially residential Georgian façade covers (or displays) a wide range of mostly luxury businesses like fashion houses, art dealers, photographers and so forth.

In Grosvenor Square, too, the residents have retreated; though here not business but diplomacy—well entrenched even before the war—prevails. For while in 1939 the square contained many individually-occupied mansions, now a single private dwelling stands among the embassies and flats to recall more spacious times.

And if Mayfair's private houses are now economically untenable, what of the flats into which many of them have been converted? At anything from £500 to £1,000 a year numbers of them are finding no takers and so (*Continued on page* 60)

The opulence and elegance is still retained in Mayfair to-day, but it is much more the commercial centre than thirty years ago

THE Goddess Circe, a vision of fair-haired beauty, came out from her stone palace, and invited them in to a feast of meal, cheese, honey and wine but Eurylochus, fearing a trap, remained outside

OLD TALES RETOLD

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

By Arnold Wareing

Illustrations By R. Hodgson

HOME is the sailor, home from sea and the hunter home from the hill. Home, too, at long last, the hero of Troy—Ulysses, called also Odysseus. But none in Greek legend had to run the gauntlet of goddess, nymph and woman as he on his return to Ithaca. The one-eyed Cyclops, Polyphemus, decimated his crew; the savage Laestrygones hurled rocks at his ships and drowned many; storms lashed them and all but drowned Ulysses himself. Yet what were these to the charmers and seductresses who conspired to hold him in thrall or lure him to his doom?

Landing on the island of Aeaea, desperate for food, he saw smoke rising from the stone palace of Circe, the fair goddess who could change men into beasts. Who should investigate, he or his captain, Eurylochus? They drew lots, Eurylochus won and set off with twenty-two men—to find the gates guarded by wolves. But these were no ravening beasts; they gambolled about them like tame dogs, for had they not once been men? As the party hesitated, still fearful of the beasts, they heard the goddess singing sweetly at her loom and called to her. She came out, a vision of fair-haired beauty, and invited them in—to a feast of meal, cheese, honey and wine. But Eurylochus, fearing a trap, remained outside. He trusted not fair women.

When they had eaten of the drugged pottage Circe touched them with a wand and instantly they changed into swine and were driven out and shut up in sties to snout among acorns and beechnuts in the mire. Eurylochus hurried back to the shore to report their fate to Ulysses, who at once resolved to go there himself and challenge Circe. He was about to enter when Hermes, fleet-footed messenger of the gods, intercepted him and handed him a magic herb. In Greek mythology the gods were ever watchful over men.

"This," he said, "will save you from her sorcery. When she strikes you with her wand, draw your sword and threaten to kill her. Terrified, she will invite you to her bed, and you must accept her favours, since she is a goddess, so that you may induce her to free your men."

CIRCE received him royally, sat him on a silver throne, feasted and wined him, drugging the wine as before, then touched him with her wand and bade him fiercely be gone to the sties. But, immune to her enchantments, he rushed at her with his sword. Shrieking, she fell at his feet, weeping in terror.

"Who are you," she cried, "that you drink my potion and suffer no change? Are you Ulysses, the slayer of giants, returning from Troy? I beg you, sheath

your sword and come to my bed, that in love we may trust one another."

Ulysses exacted a promise that she would release his men and practise no more black magic upon them. She went to the sty, applied an ointment to the swine, and instantly they were men again, younger, handsomer than before. For a year they all stayed at her palace, feasting and drinking, waited on by her handmaidens; then, when they became restive for home, she gave them a sumptuous farewell banquet, arrayed herself in silver, with a golden belt and a veil over her head, and bade them goodbye. But dalliance with the goddess Circe carried its price—and penalty. First they must go through the Halls of Hades, the dread underworld of Persephone, then pass the lair of the Sirens, the menacing rocks of Scylla and Charybdis. . . .

THE Sirens were twin maidens who bewitched passing mariners with their cajoling voices, luring them to their death. Ulysses was warned to plug the ears of his crew with wax and have himself lashed to the mast if he would steer safely past. This he did, and the Sirens, reclining in a meadow piled with the skeletons of previous victims, sang and called in vain, though he longed to free his bonds and go to them.

Scylla, a female monster with six heads on long necks, each with triple rows of teeth, lurked in a cave on a rock. Opposite, below another rock, a bowshot away, waited Charybdis to suck hapless voyagers into her whirlpool. Ulysses' ship must pass between the two, keeping close to Scylla in order to avoid the other, for it was better to lose six men in her snapping jaws then risk losing all in the swirling waters.

As they rowed past, straining at their oars and sick with fear, the six hideous heads shot forth, snatching six of his best men while their comrades cried out in horror. In all his travels Ulysses had seen no more pitiable sight than this, the price of their escape from the vortex that

threatened to engulf them the other side of the narrow strait.

FURTHER ordeals were yet to come. In a violent storm their ship was sunk by a thunderbolt. All were drowned except Ulysses, who saved himself by making a raft of shattered mast and planks. On this he drifted for ten days, then made the island of Ogygia where dwelt in a cave the nymph Calypso, daughter of Atlas.

No more romantic setting for a lone goddess could be conceived than this shore cavern where she would sit weaving by a blazing log fire, companioned by handmaidens. A grape vine clambered about the mouth of it. Around were copses of alder, poplar, cypress in which owls, falcons and sea-birds roosted, crystal springs draining into pools, meadows purple and golden with iris.

AS soon as he had built his boat, Calypso donned her most beautiful garments to watch him launch it and to wave good-bye

Calypso of the long tresses, the embodiment of all this beauty, received the spent traveller kindly, gave him her love, and wished to marry him, promising him immortality. For seven years he lived an island idyll with her, sharing their simple life, but its sweetness palled; he could only think of his lost Ithaca and his wife Penelope and would sit by the shore gazing out to sea with dimmed eyes. Could any mortal love a passionate young goddess for so long and not be surfeited with abundance? The nights in the log-warmed cavern—yes. But the long, empty days with their leaden hours, their monotony?

Again Hermes came to his rescue, appearing before Calypso and telling her it was the gods' wish that she now let him go, or the great Zeus would be angry and punish her. "Must the gods always be jealous of the happiness of others?" she asked rebelliously. "I welcomed him,

cared for him, hoped to give him the immortality of youth, and now I must part from him."

Sadly she went to the place where Ulysses sat brooding and said: "Oh, unhappy one, you need no longer stay here on this island with your misery, for I am ready to help you to go." He must fell trees and build a vessel and sail for home; she would stock it with food and wine and give him clothing and a fair following wind.

But how could he cross the wild seas in such a craft? he asked warily. Would she swear she was not plotting mischief against him? She chided him for his suspicions, vowed by the gods that she harboured no secret plots, only felt pity for him.

Then, with her serving-maids, she spread a special feast for him, with nectar and ambrosia, and while they sat talking afterwards in the comfort of the cavern the woman in her prompted her to say: "I know your wife is always in your thoughts, yet am I not her inferior in looks, for it is not meet that a mortal should vie with a goddess in beauty."

THAT was virtually their farewell, for as soon as he had built his boat she donned her most beautiful garments to watch him launch it and wave good-bye. She had warned him that his voyage would not be without peril. Anon, a storm capsized his boat off Scheria, the island of the Phaeacians, and he had to swim to the shore, landing by a river-mouth.

Waking in the morning from a long, exhausted sleep, he heard the merry voices of maidens. Nausicaa, the king's tall and lovely daughter, had come with them to the river by mule-cart to wash clothes and they were joyfully playing a ball-game while the garments dried. When the haggard, bedraggled stranger emerged from the bushes, the girls fled in panic, but the princess calmly waited for him to approach her.

"Mistress," he cried, "I place myself at your mercy," and told her of his escape from the sea. Calling her maidens back, she bade them give him food and drink and clothes and directed him to the city and her father's palace.

Here, too, he dallied for a time as the guest of King Alcinous, and might well have stayed, since Nausicaa saw him now not as a woebegone castaway but almost as a god. "He is the kind of man I could choose for a husband, if he would settle here," she had confessed to her maids. "I pray that he will remain."

BUT it happened that, in the course of the palace festivities, a minstrel sang of the taking of Troy, which moved Ulysses to disclose his identity and tell his story of the siege and his wanderings. Showering gifts on him, the king provided him with a ship to take him back to Ithaca.

He duly returned there disguised as a beggar, to find the faithful Penelope besieged by suitors who preyed on her hospitality, assuming that he had perished.

How he defeated them in an archery contest with a strong bow of his own that only he could wield, then slew them with it, is the climax of the oldest tale of Greek antiquity famous through the centuries as Homer's *Odyssey*.

Home is the warrior-hero, but after what fabulous adventures, ordeals, temptations, romantic dalliances symbolic of many in our own warring times? A myth, a dream—or a parable of errant man severed from his kind, the sport of chance, the plaything of fate, doomed by war to sail strange seas and wander in strange lands?

WAKING in the morning from a long, exhausted sleep, he heard the merry voices of maidens. When the haggard, bedraggled stranger emerged from the bushes, the girls fled in panic, but Nausicaa, the king's lovely daughter, waited calmly for him to approach her

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Some reflections on the good (?) old days of a century ago.

By TREVOR HOLLOWAY.

IT is my intention, gentle reader, to further your knowledge of worldly affairs by setting forth upon this printed page a humble account of how the fair sex lived a century ago. I trust that you will esteem this a virtuous and commendable project, and that my sundry observations will be to you a guide to a fuller and more industrious life.

Well, I 've got that off my chest ! But, honestly, that 's quite a fast-moving introduction compared with the style of the 1850's. The Modern Miss of a century ago often had to plough through a couple of pages of such ponderous remarks before being enlightened on such thrilling topics as " The Virtues and Dangers of Gymnastics for Young Ladies," or maybe " Making a Beadwork and Fluted Embroidery Bird-cage Cover."

The " good " old days ? For the menfolk, undoubtedly—but read on if you wish to be enlightened how the mere male is losing his grip. In fact, he 's lost it. By way of proof, allow me to quote from an article entitled : " How to Avoid Matrimonial Misery. Rules to be Observed by Wives," published a little less than a century ago :

" If your husband flatters you, do not forget that it *is* but flattery ; think *lowly* of yourself and *highly* of him—at least, make him believe so. Bear in mind continually that you are weak and dependent, and even if you *are* beautiful that it adds to your weakness and dependence. After marriage, obey him cheerfully, even though you think him in error. It is better that he should do wrong in what he commands than *you* should do wrong in objecting to it."

THE article also set forth " Rules and Maxims for Husbands " which would surely make the Modern Miss go up in smoke. How about this ? : " When courting your mistress, never miscall her by the name of angel or goddess, lest she mistake it for (*Continued on page* 58)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WETHERBEE

BEAUTY

BY

CHRYSIS

Radical Aids

A new system of dry massage, which relies on manipulation for the breakdown of excess fatty tissues, is specially beneficial in improving relaxed facial contours. The treatment concludes with a professional make-up.

To Beauty

EVERYONE has heard, at some time or other, of some remarkable achievement of cosmetic surgery. There are stories of professional beauties who remain young-looking at an advanced age, and of others who have recalcitrant features remodelled along more classical lines. To the average woman, blessed with an average share of good looks, these stories are of no more than passing interest. She has no need of face-lifting or plastic surgery, and she is quite content to leave all that to those whose face is their fortune.

There is no denying, of course, that plastic surgery, in the realm of medicine and healing, has given new life and hope to many people who might otherwise have to suffer lifelong disfigurement. But plastic surgery in the role of beautician most people judge to be of quite a different order.

Nevertheless, no one can blame any woman, who, suffering from some disfigurement, either real or imaginary, sees in cosmetic surgery her only hope of being good-looking. Cyrano de Bergerac is not the first or last person to allow personal appearances to darken his whole attitude to life. Unfortunately, no one is a good judge of his own case in matters of appearance. The nose which looks so large in your looking-glass and colours your whole social life, may, in fact, be no larger than befits a strong personality, and may even be envied and admired by a retrousse.

In such circumstances, a doctor's judgment is the most reliable. If a doctor considers that a disfigurement, for either physical or psychological reasons, is having an injurious effect upon health, then he can decide that a plastic operation is clinically necessary, which means that the operation will be covered by the National Health Service. If, however, he decides that there is nothing to it but vanity, then the only sane thing to do is to forget all about plastic surgery, because such an operation undertaken privately is far too expensive for ordinary folk, and to investigate the alternatives to a radical cure for the ill-shaped nose, the premature wrinkles, the ugly birth-mark, or whatever the trouble is.

With hormone preparations, every woman can enjoy some of the benefits of a salon treatment at home.

FOR the woman who is prematurely aged, there are numbers of alternatives. The first is the use of rejuvenating creams, of which the hormone preparations such as Cellogen are outstanding examples. The advantage here is that this kind of treatment any woman can give herself in her own home.

The second alternative is facial massage by a professional masseuse at a salon. There are, of course, different treatments for specific troubles. A lined and wrinkled skin benefits from the massage with muscle oils and skin-feeding creams which constitute the normal facial. A new system of dry massage, devised by the house of Lancôme, is specially good for the heavy face, as it aims at breaking down the fatty tissues to reveal the underlying bone structure. Lancôme claim that not only do massage creams nourish the tissues and therefore are undesirable on a face already too fleshy, but that the delicate manipulation required in this type of massage cannot be done if the skin is slippery with oil or cream. This treatment is one of the few which sets out to improve a badly-shaped nose.

Yet another alternative for the prematurely old-looking face is an electrical treatment, which claims more permanent improvement than facial massage alone. This is a form of infra-red ray which can be of benefit sometimes in cases of heavy pouches under the eyes, deeply-etched lines and wrinkles, sagging jaw-lines and fleshy noses.

BLEMISHES such as warts, nævi or moles on the face are another source of embarrassment when make-up, however clever, cannot completely conceal them. In principle they can be easily and simply removed, but here again it is a question for a doctor to decide upon. There is a small percentage of this type of blemish which is of a semi-malignant character, and which it would be unwise to tamper with. Only a doctor can decide whether removal is safe in individual cases. If it is perfectly all right to have it removed, he will then either do it himself, or refer the patient to an approved clinic specialising in this kind of treatment.

Women bothered with superfluous hair on the face (and there appears to be increasing numbers of them) are always searching for the permanent once-for-all-time cure for their troubles. But it is just as well to get this business of the "moustaches" in perspective. A slight down on the face is healthy and natural; a slightly heavier down on the upper lip is still natural and may well be unnoticeable to all but an over-sensitive imagination. Before resorting to depilation, make quite sure that it is really necessary!

The best way of treating the few odd whiskers on chin and lip is to cut them off. If this comes too near the perilous word "shave" for feminine sensibilities, use an eradicator stone which does the same job in a more delicate manner. Shaving, contrary to common report, does not encourage the growth, nor does it coarsen the hair.

It is only when the hair on chin and lip is abnormally heavy that it should be taken seriously. Then again it is a matter for medical opinion. Facial hair may be a symptom of a glandular disturbance and may disappear with successful medical treatment. On the other hand, doctors are, quite rightly, averse to prescribing glandular treatment for a perfectly healthy female, just because she happens to have what is known as "a masculine distribution of hair." In this case the doctor may then advise electrolysis.

Electrolysis is the only method of removing hair permanently. It cannot be too strongly emphasized, however, that this treatment should be taken only at clinics recognised by the medical profession. In the hands of fully-trained operators, electrolysis is quite safe, but there are dangers if the operator is inexpert, or insufficiently trained. That is why it is essential to go to an established clinic which is working under licence with trained personnel.

If you would like further details of any of the treatments mentioned in this article, please write to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2.

Backcloth for the Bard

A scene from *Richard II.*, with Herbert Tree as the King and Lily Brayton as Queen in 1903 typifies the realistic settings used by Irving, with live animals and real grass that had to be mowed.

By JOHN GOODWIN.

IN 1586 a young genius of twenty-two, already the father of twins, packed his bags, said good-bye to the fading charms of his older wife, and quitted his home in Stratford-upon-Avon to earn his living in London as an actor. Thirty years after, in the small Warwickshire town he had left and to which he had returned to prosperous retirement, he died. Little else of his life is even moderately certain, except that between those two events the teeming mind of William Shakespeare produced no fewer than 37 plays, a score of them imperishable masterpieces.

To-day, in another Elizabethan age, it is the moan of new playwrights that 80 per cent. of our best actors are always engaged " playing the Bard." The immortal characters of his invention still provide the yardstick for great acting; the plays, which have won more love and provoked more argument than the works of all other dramatists put together, remain the same, but the different ways in which they have been presented through more than three centuries sound the full scale of theatrical invention from the sixteenth century on.

It all began when the actor Burbage drew tumultuous crowds to the Globe Theatre on Bankside, south of the Thames, in the poet's lifetime. This large, wooden, probably octagonal building, open to the sky, with its acting platform thrust out boldly into the auditorium like a long tongue, brought Shakespeare to his earliest audiences without favour of scenic effects, but the players achieved a swiftness of presentation much to the taste of Shakespeare's bustling London.

TO match the vigour of the language, spectators enjoyed a pageant of rich colours, for the costumes were sumptuous. But no attempt at historical accuracy was made and the actors wore the dress of their period: ruffs, doublets with peascod fronts, short padded trunks and long hose for the men; farthingales, wide, heavy skirts, tight, V-shaped bodices with full sleeves, and again ruffs for the women.

About this time Inigo Jones began designing lavish masque settings demanding ornate proscenium arches. It is almost certain that a number of Shakespeare's later plays were adapted to suit this new style of decorative presentation and were performed at the Court of James I. Here they were said to have been given to tremendous spectacular effect, against billowing baroque settings, with interpolated songs and dances. But these splendours were confined to Whitehall and never reached the public stage.

WHEN the Puritans closed the theatres in 1642, progress ceased for eighteen years until the Restoration restored them again. Now Inigo Jones's proscenium arch reappeared in the design of the public theatres, and the long tongue of the Globe was shrunk (*Continued on page 59*)

Garrick, **left above**, wore the clothes of an ordinary gentleman of his time to play Macbeth and Miss Younger (**above**), of Drury Lane (1703), a contemporary ball gown to portray Cleopatra.

The setting of Shakespeare's plays has undergone many vicissitudes since they first went on the boards at the Globe Theatre, Southwark. Shakespearian production has run the gamut of Restoration mutilation and Victorian realism, returning to something approaching the original Elizabethan staging

The modern designer is not hampered by realism but seeks ideas from any source. For *Two Gentlemen Of Verona* at the Bristol Old Vic, Hutchinson Scott took the Venetian paintings of Veronese for inspiration

The principle used by Motley for Glen Byam Shaw's Old Vic production of *Henry V* was to lavish colour and design upon costumes (two are shown), and to project these upon a permanent surround

Tanya Moiseiwitsch's permanent set for Anthony Quayle's history cycle at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1951. It has the three stages of the Elizabethan Globe, upper, lower and inner. Vivid costumes were used to provide a contrast to the functional background

One of the men would say, "Come on Manful, let's have a dance," and then he would be seized by the ancient spirit of his race

BY RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

Manful Dancing

ILLUSTRATIONS BY V. BERTOGLIO

WHEN Manful was still a small boy his mother, tall, raw-boned Angelia Woods, began to call him a "trial" and to ask why she and Ferdy had been 'flicted with such a son. Before he was twelve years old she was complaining that he was a real bad one, a young devil who had been born to her, and she did not know what would happen when he grew up. He was her only son and her daughters were good Romany girls and behaved like the rest of her people. Manful was a little Satan.

"I'm shamed," she complained to Aunt Homey Lock, who always made a sympathetic audience, "I'm shamed to have mothered him. There's not a bit of good in him and he'll bring us all to trouble. Last week his father wanted to take him out at night after a dear little pheasant or two and the boy wouldn't go. He didn't want to kill birds and animals, he said. What can you do with such a black little sinner?"

"There!" said Aunt Homey, genuinely shocked by this aberration.

"Even when I sent him back the other day to pick up a few turnips we'd passed in a heap by the roadside he says it's stealing. His dad beat him for that, pretty quick. 'Stealing!' his dad says, 'I'll give you stealing!' and he *poggered* him for daring to say such a thing to his mother. But he's worse than ever, now. D'you know who he goes around with as friendly as you please? The *gavver's* son. I'm telling you the truth, my Homey. To think any child of mine could stoop so low. as to be seen with a policeman's *chavvy*. It breaks your heart."

"Well!" said Aunt Homey, her face showing a suitably horrified expression.

"Then if I don't catch him up by the church talking to the parson! The wicked, deceitful little limb of Satan. 'You come along with me,' I says to him. 'I won't have my son 'sociating with such company.' That brings the *tompad* on to the field where our wagons are saying he'll have the law on me if I don't let the boy go to church. I tell, you, my Homey, it'll mean us all in trouble if it goes on."

"T-t-t-t!" said Aunt Homey feelingly.

"He won't even fight till he has to. Then when he was up against young Nip Stanley, who's twice his size, he gets a chance to give him a kick where it would finish the fight and won't do it. His dad got on to him for that. He could be the quickest currant-picker of any of us but he's staring about him half the time, saying it's a beautiful day and watching the birds or looking at flowers or something. I'd like to know what I done to deserve it."

"Still," said Aunt Homey consolingly. "He can dance, can't he?"

"Dance? He'd dance all day long if you let him. Oh yes, he can dance. I'll 'mit that. But what's the good of it? They all clap their hands for him and say there never was such a one for dancing, but that doesn't fill anyone's belly, does it?"

"I WANT to know what's in the writing," she said, "and if you ever tell anyone what you read, I'll mooller you, my moosh, and throw your dead body in the river"

It was true that Manful could dance and by this accomplishment softened many to forgive him for the evil of his ways, but not his father and mother. They saw only too plainly that they had produced a monster without knowledge of good and evil, a boy who broke all the laws of decent behaviour and associated with *gorgios*, even with parsons and policemen. They would not forgive him his sins merely because his feet, when they began to tap on a wooden board, seemed to take control of his lean body, seemed to be shaken to a dusty blur which yet produced the intricate timing of the tap-dance.

The men would shout for him to go along with them when they set off for the inn at night and in the bar the boy would squat as quiet as a rabbit with a bottle of lemonade in front of him, scarcely touched, until the moment when one of the men would say: "Come on, Manful. Let's have a dance."

Then he became as if possessed by powers greater than he understood. His people, though he did not know it, had been mummers and dancers, singers and jugglers, ever since they left India none knew how many centuries ago. And before that. Perhaps Shiva himself was a gipsy, Shiva who danced seven times round the world with the body of his wife in his arms. There has never been a Romanichal who did not respond to a rhythm beaten out and very few who could not master some instrument on which to make their own dance-music.

So it may be that when young Manful swayed and writhed and danced out a time in steps too quick and intricate for the ear or eye to follow, he was seized by the ancient spirits of his race.

He was certainly seized by his mother as often as not and, with his head clouted, sent back to the wagon. "If you're too tired to work all day you're too tired to dance at night," Angelia said logically as he sulked away. But it was noticed that she would often watch him for a while before stepping forward and she was not without a sly pride in this one accomplishment of his.

THE result of these interventions by Angelia was to give to Manful's dancing the lure of the illicit, to make it a conspiracy as well as a passion. It seemed that only when he was cheered on by gipsy men and women in the pub at night was he at his best.

When his father or mother told him to fetch a board and beside their wagon show some stranger his abilities, his dancing became mechanical and he soon grew tired of it. But when the flushed faces were about him and the deep voices shouted, "Go it, my Manful!"; "Show them the way, Manful!"; "There's the boy!"; when all the dark eyes were on him and the hands or feet beat a rhythm for him, when there was a violin played squeakily or when gasping and whines came from a mouth-organ, then he was the abandoned thing they loved to see, serpentine or rigid, his feet sounding the obligato of a mad

A gipsy can live with the gorgios, dance with the gorgios and even marry a gorgio but he will remain a gipsy at heart to his dying day

typist, his hands falling like brown tassels from his shoulders or becoming suddenly taut and significant.

The gruff shouts and erratic hand-claps of his own people were Manful's earliest applause and never failed to stimulate him to new efforts.

THEN the sympathy of every wagon-dweller went to Angelia, for Manful crossed the line between the eccentric and the unforgivable and did something which no one could defend. He started going to school.

Angelia, almost in tears with mortification and fury, said it was the most ungratefullest thing ever she'd heard of.

"After all we've done for them children," she said, "moving on somewhere at the least talk of a school inspector and certainly never waiting till one started asking questions. To go and give himself up like that! Well, he can stay at school for all I care. He's not my son any more."

This last disgrace which Manful had brought on his parents seemed to decide everything, and when the family moved on after currant-picking he stayed behind and lost the last vestiges of respectability by sleeping under a roof. The *gorgios* somehow—Angelia never knew how—raised the money to keep and educate him, and both his father and mother said they were welcome to the boy.

For some years then they heard no more of Manful, for when the next season for currant-picking came round, they deliberately went to a different place lest they should have the humiliation of seeing their son as a schoolboy.

Angelia could never be quite sure, but she thought it must be seven years after they had left Manful behind that the money began to arrive. It came through the post, four and five pounds at a time at first and later in larger sums. Each time with the money there was paper with writing on it only no one could read what it said, and Angelia refused to take it to one of the house-dwellers to be read because, as she explained, "no one could tell what might be in it."

Angelia was glad of the money, of course, for she was feeling her age, which was nearer sixty than fifty, and Ferdy had rheumatism in the hands which made him slow at picking and all the girls, except poor Nelly who was simple, were married and gone. She knew it was coming from Manful and resolved to say nothing about it to the other folk in case it led to some new disgrace. But when it came round to pea-picking time and all the tramps came off the roads for a few weeks to earn a bit of money for beer, she got hold of an old chap who was known to have had some education. She took him to her wagon.

"I want to know what's in this writing," she said, "and if you ever tell anyone what you read I'll mooller you, my moosh, and throw your dead body in the river to be washed away."

ANGELIA was a tall, gaunt woman, as powerful as a man, and Ferdy was beside her as she made her threat, the two of them looking very grim and hostile with their trap mouths and their hard, black eyes.

"But I'll buy you a quart if you tell me the truth," Angelia added more gently. She threw the whole bundle of letters to the tramp.

There was an anxious silence as he began to study them.

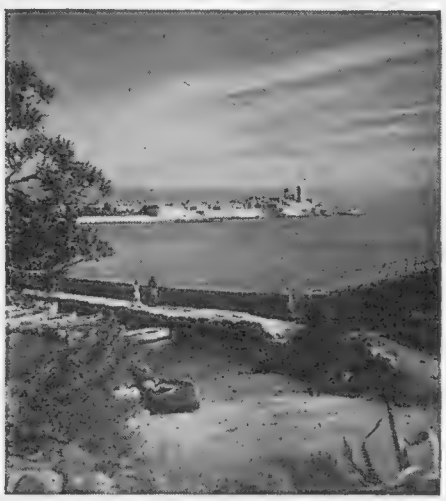
"Don't read them out. Tell us what he says," commanded Angelia.

(*Continued on page* 51)

"WELL, my rakli," Angelia said, "how do you like him now? He's my son you know. He's my Manful, and always will be"

A hundred miles of the Natal coast from East London to Durban offers sub-tropical strands with all their delights for anglers and bathers

Where The Sun Shines



Antibes, **right**, is one of the most fashionable Riviera summer resorts, but from January on one can enjoy its early sunshine at off-season rates. The Canary Islands, this is a typical scene, **below**, are at their sunny best in the early months of the year and offer the favourable Spanish currency rate to British visitors

IT could be that old bogy the climate, or it could be that the British dislike changes of routine as much as they are said to. Nevertheless, we accept the tradition that holidays must be taken between June and September. I wonder why?

Whilst accepting the fact that an English holiday presents a bleak prospect outside the summer season, there is less reason to limit ourselves to the English summer months if we take our holidays abroad, where the sun shines in varying degrees while we are still battling here with low temperatures, not to speak of low spirits.

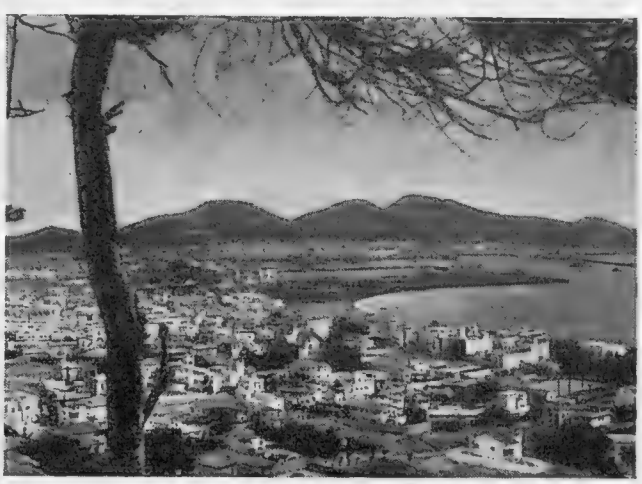
In fact, a winter holiday has much in its favour apart from the pleasant prospect of cheating the English winter. Out-of-season travel rates are lower. In many places the same applies to hotels and there are, of course, greatly increased comfort facilities when the most crowded travelling season is avoided. Getting by on twenty-five pounds really shows better prospects outside the tourist season.

So where to go?

There are many places where the sun shines that are reasonably within the scope of the two weeks' holiday.

To suggest the French Riviera is almost a cliché but it cannot be omitted. There is Italy's isle of Capri, riotous with flowers and assured of sunshine from early April on, and its slightly less glamorous neighbour the isle of Ischia.

Alternatively there is sunny Madeira, accessible in ten hours by air or in three days by boat if you count a sea trip as part of the holiday. There is a flying boat service to the island which leaves this country each Friday and returns a week the following Thursday, allowing twelve clear days in Madeira. In one instance, part of the hotel accommodation charge can be paid for in this country. (*Continued on page* 53)



By MICHAEL HASTINGS

"Who laughs is lost"

This is the story of a lovable old man whose heart could be won at any time by a good joke

WHEN Pop starts to laugh it's finish to everything else. We are used to it, but strangers are fascinated. It begins way down under the shabby leather belt which supports his drill trousers. Then it increases in waves, like a tide coming in behind schedule and trying to make up. When the waves break, Pop is helpless, his arms flapping at his sides, his head flung back and his mouth wide open.

So if you can make him laugh, you've won. And how well those twin imps, Barney and Jill, know it! They'd learned it as soon as they could toddle.

"We'll be in hot water," Barney would say, and Jill would wrinkle her freckled nose and remind him they wouldn't—not if they could make Pop laugh. So they'd put their coppery heads together and plan an elaborate bit of clowning. Then, as soon as they'd worked out something, they'd plunge joyously into mischief.

They'd been up to their tricks at breakfast-time on the morning the letter came. Their idea of greeting the day was to race stark naked across the beach and plunge into the water. Pop was worried about what people might think.

"They'll say I'm not a fit man to be bringing up kids," he complained.

He'd given no end of warnings; but this very morning they'd done it again. He'd caught them, too, just as they came back all dripping, having forgotten to take towels.

But Jill was ready for him. "It's having a white costume," she said solemnly. "I thought I'd got it on. The patch that isn't sunburnt misled me."

Of course, that did it. And just as Pop was recovering from his laughter, wiping the tears from his eyes, the postman arrived. Pop went out for the letter and returned cheerfully. "With a stamp this colour it can't be a bill. Where are my glasses?"

IT seems to us Pop gets on very well without glasses; but he insists he must have them for reading. Not having read anything for about three days was more than time enough for him to forget where he'd put them.

Barney piped up: "It was at breakfast you had them. Monday. Or was it Tuesday? That day the bill came for the pots of paint we used on the boat."

"Tuesday," said Jill. "And Pop cleared away. Yes, you did, Pop. You were going to make us stay in and do housework. Then you chased us out because we tried to walk round the table balancing plates on our heads. We only broke one—and that was really your fault for shouting at us to stop it."

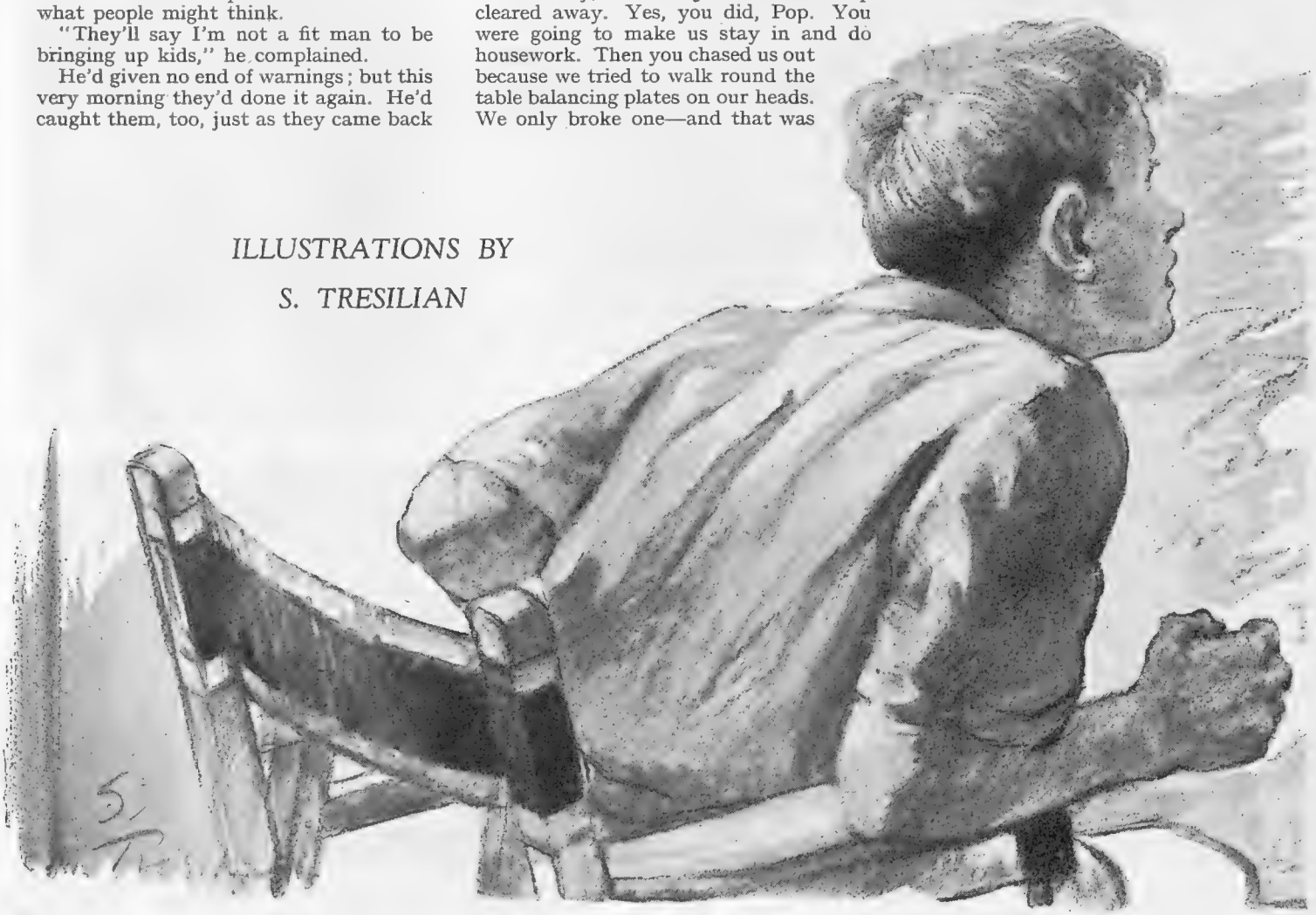
Barney was at the cupboard. He groped at one of the shelves and announced proudly: "Here they are! A bit sticky, I'm afraid. You'd slipped them into the honey-pot instead of the clean jam-jar where you usually keep 'em."

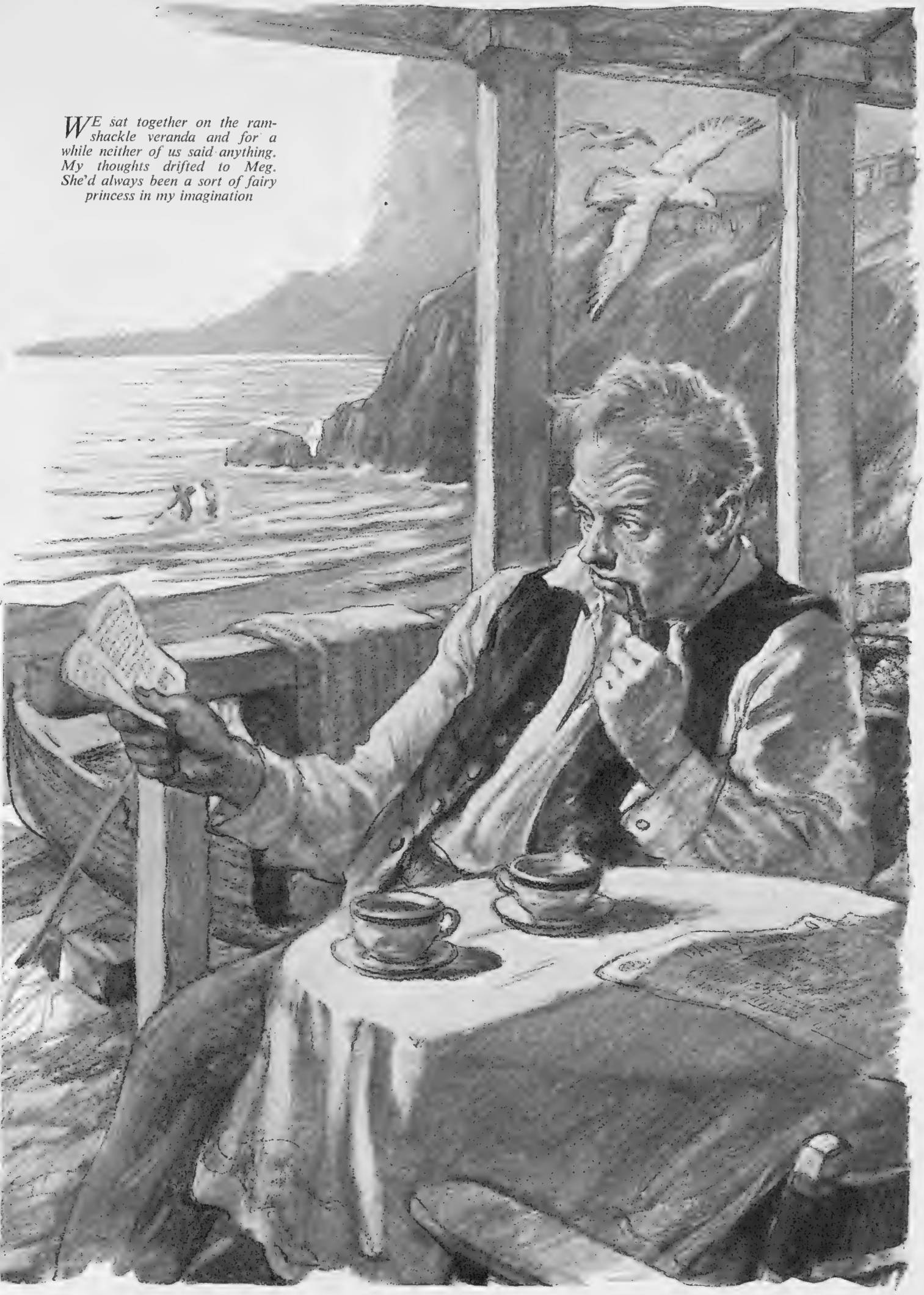
Pop stared at him suspiciously; but next to Jill, Barney looks the most innocent person in the world. So Pop cleaned up the glasses. He put them on carefully, because part of the frame was broken and held by a wire splint and sealing tape. Then he picked up the letter and frowned. "It's Meg's writing. But she's supposed to be in Paris! Why isn't there a French stamp on the envelope?" He looked at us almost as though he suspected it was another of our pranks.

"The French may have run out of stamps," Jill suggested. "Why not open it? P'raps she'll explain."

"I hope so," said Pop. "I hope so. Any reasonable person would explain; but I'm coming to the opinion that my kids just ain't reasonable. Not even Meg."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN





WE sat together on the ramshackle veranda and for a while neither of us said anything. My thoughts drifted to Meg. She'd always been a sort of fairy princess in my imagination

HE tore the envelope and took the letter out. He sat staring at it so long he had plenty of time to read it twice over. The cheerfulness faded out of his face and he began to look worried.

"What is it, Pop?" I asked.

"Meg's back from France, Mick. And she says she's coming to see us! Coming here!"

Barney and Jill were immediately excited, thinking it the grandest fun in the world. But I was gloomy. I knew what was in Pop's mind. And I didn't like it, because it made him look old all of a sudden. I could see the room just as he was seeing it. Untidy, cluttered up, and poverty-blown. It was like being on the beach and having the sky suddenly turn grey with a cold wind blowing.

"There's an address on the letter," I said. "Write her and say she can't come. Tell her I'm ill and it's infectious. Say we're in quarantine."

Fortunately, Barney and Jill had gone outside and were already scampering across the sand. Their voices were carried back to us, shrill and happy. Then they faded and there was only the dull, sombre silence.

Pop smiled; but it was a weak, shadowy effort. He stood up and wiped his hands down the disreputable slacks. "Let's go an' sit in the sun," he said. He took off his glasses and dropped them by a plate.

"We might as well fill our cups," I said, reaching for the tea-pot.

"Good idea, Mick," Pop said. And he smiled again, a rather bewildered and sheepish smile this time. I didn't like to see it. It reminded me of things I didn't want to know. Pop's an amiable, lovable failure, vaguely hoping always for something that will change his fortunes. He's blissfully unaware that he wouldn't know what to do if opportunity did come down into this deserted bay and rap on the door.

WE sat together on the ramshackle veranda and for a while neither of us said anything. My thoughts drifted to Meg. She'd always been a sort of fairy princess. We'd sacrificed nearly everything for her; but looking back, I reckoned it didn't matter. It was worth a good deal to have a personal, private fairy story.

When we were all younger, Pop used to tell us bedtime stories about Meg. He has quite an imagination, and no doubt he spun plenty of (*Continued on page* 55)

POP'S arms were flapping at his sides. His head was flung back and his mouth was open. And when John came in we were still laughing loudly

The Favour of your Letter

A well penned letter is as much a pleasure to the recipient as to the writer

HANDWRITING, like speech, is a means of communication: with it we convey what we have to say. By speaking indistinctly, by mumbling or distorting words, communication is impeded and robbed of half its appeal.

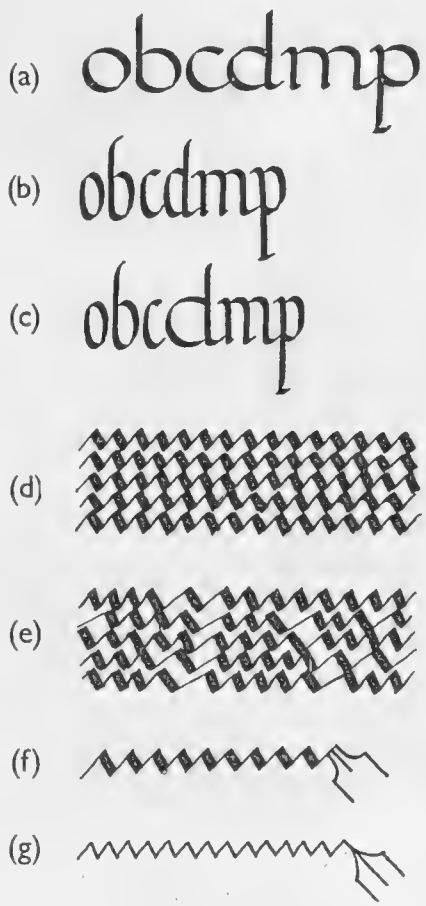
As with speech, so with writing, which should be above all things legible. Indeed, it says little for the legibility of the contemporary hand that we are so often asked to write our names and addresses in block capitals.

Handwriting becomes illegible when the fundamental forms of the individual letters acquire through slovenliness a growth of loops, twists and distortions that have nothing to do with the original form. Improvement of the handwriting begins with simplification rather than with complexity, and to this end we could do no better than study the writing of the professional scribes of the Italian Renaissance in which the alphabet below is written. This is simple in form and essentially practical, legible, yet at the same time easily and rhythmically written. It is fr•m these hands that the italic letters we know to-day have, with little or no modification, been evolved.

The best way to study these models is to copy them often enough to grow intimate with them. Then one discovers a certain uniformity between one letter and another.

BETWEEN all the letters in an alphabet there should be a family likeness. If the letter O is a round letter, all the other letters should be similarly formed to create a consistent roundness of character, as in Fig. (*a*). If the letter O is compressed, all others should agree as in Fig. (*b*). In this way a unity is achieved: all become of one family, and as any family should, live happily together. If we neglect this unity we may get something like Fig. (*c*), and chaos ensues.

Writing on a page creates a texture. What was at first a plain sheet acquires a textured surface. There is an analogy with the texture of a piece of knitting which is created by one little stitch repeating itself row upon row, as in Fig. (*d*). But if the knitting becomes as Fig. (*e*), we know that a stitch has been dropped here and there, and that the tension is uneven. In fact the texture is lost. In writing, the texture composed of unity between letters should be so even that the eye glides easily along: here is legibility. Incidentally, the result is more aesthetically satisfying, and that is a good thing.



It is sometimes argued that to base handwriting upon a particular model will nullify its character. This has given rise to the popular supposition that the more illegible the handwriting the more educated the writer, viz., the unintelligible signatures of doctors, M.P.s etc. But this is not so. Give one hundred people a piece of writing to copy and you get one hundred different results, because they are different people. Character must out.

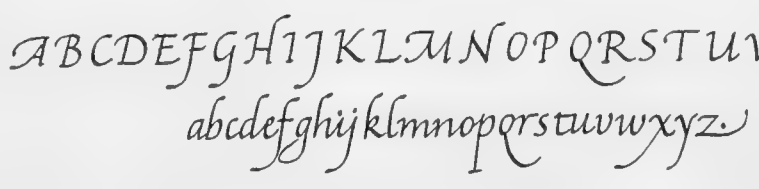
You might improve your handwriting by studying, even by copying a good hand, but you may be sure there will be something of yourself in it. It will be *your* handwriting.

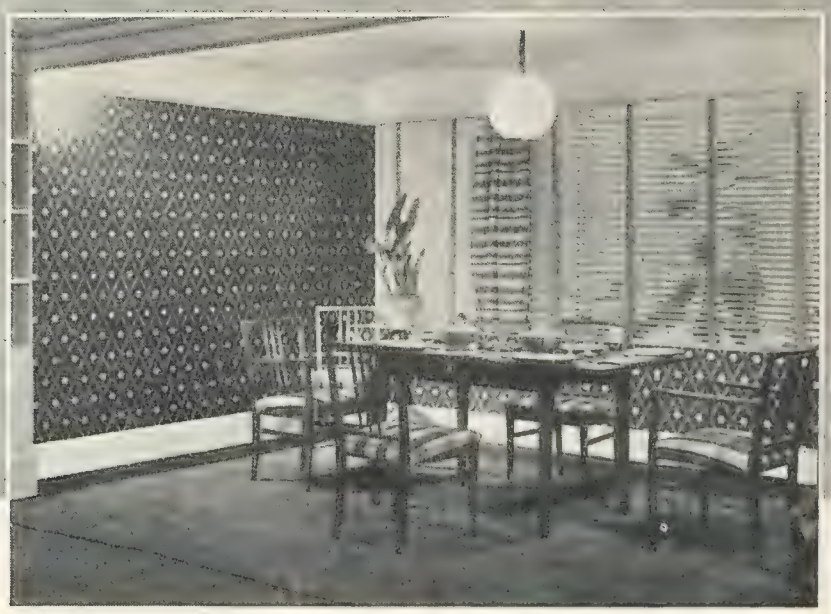
I AM sometimes asked if the choice of nib is important. The answer is that the nib, like any tool, correctly used, will have a bearing on the result. The Renaissance scribes used a pen with an edge rather than with a point. An edged nib used naturally and comfortably gives a greater definition to thick and thin strokes, as in Fig. (*f*). A pointed nib shows little variation of the strokes as in Fig. (*g*). Two different tools give two different results.

Some people think that if writing has thick and thin strokes, it is good writing. I don't agree. Decoration applied to a poorly cut coat of poor material will never make it a good coat. In writing, whether letters are composed of thick and thin strokes or strokes of even thickness, this is merely the way we dress them up. It is a personal matter. You may like pink hats, I may like blue ones: it is a matter of taste. The important thing is that the underlying structure of the letter is good, and that there is unity between them all. So try an edged nib and a pointed nib, and choose whichever gives the best result. Last but not least there is the question of laying out the page: the appearance of a letter lies not only in the individual word or sentence but in the whole effect. The writing should be placed happily on the page; not as if it were falling out of the bottom, nor crowding to the sides.

Thus, handwriting aquires good manners and the least of literary efforts becomes a pleasure to receive.

V. SHEARER





Wallpaper can be used as above to divide a dual-purpose room visually into two zones. Dark backgrounds are not depressing if they are relieved by touches of white. A *Toile de Jouy* design **(left)** is excellent for a single decorative panel. But don't be misled by the apparent unsophistication of the theme. No down-to-earth peasants were so artlessly elegant. (Sanderson wallpaper)

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

TO the Victorians and Edwardians with their horror of nakedness in any form, wallpaper was a conventional necessity, part of a vast conspiracy of concealment. Then, between the wars, a less delicate generation proclaimed nakedness almost a virtue and swept wallpaper into the dustbin to join the antimacassars, the fringed table covers and the lace curtains.

To-day, the frustrations and austerities of the last war have left us with a new craving for elegance, colour and decoration—and wallpaper has come into its own again. But we can now see wallpaper with a refreshing clarity that brings its own problems. We see it neither as a conventional covering for bare plaster—of which we are no longer afraid—nor as something to be scorned as old-fashioned. We see it for what it is, without intrinsic merits or demerits : a decorative material in its own right to be used, like other forms of decoration, purposefully and with calculated effect. We have no inhibitions about using it unconventionally—hung horizontally instead of vertically or on the ceiling instead of the wall.

We paper the dining alcove of a dual-purpose room to cheat ourselves into thinking we have two rooms instead of one. We use it rather like a tapestry behind a sideboard or settee to make the focal point of an interior. We give the bed its due importance in the bedroom by panelling behind it with an eye-arresting pattern. We create highly individual settings for our collections of glass or prints by using wallpaper as a background. We even disguise architectural defects and change the apparent shape of our rooms by exploiting the combined possibilities of colour and pattern in wallpaper.

All this is a far cry from the conception of wallpaper as a nondescript background of which the most that could be said was that "it goes with anything." And it should mean a revolution in our shopping habits. For if we deliberately draw attention to a wallpaper, it must be good and its design must be worthy of attention. Meaningless fawny-brown squiggles flecked with gold do *not* command attention. They are merely insignificant.

GOOD design and good colours—they cannot be separated—are expensive. But price need not be a deterrent since we shall almost certainly be using only small quantities. Certainly some of the best designs would be intolerable if used anything but sparingly.

One of the major problems of choosing wallpaper is the difficulty of judging colour and pattern either in a showroom or from the absurdly inadequate samples that are all the average decorator offers. For pattern and colour are not static. They change, chameleon-like, with their surroundings, with the light in which they are seen and the size of the area on which they are used.

Rather than trust limited facilities of the small decorator, it is better (*Continued on page* 60)

Paper Chase

THE wallpaper which looks good in the sample book is not always the one which looks good on the walls. A pleasing integration of colours and proportions between background and furnishings depends on such basic principles as those discussed opposite. In the colour picture a Sanderson wallpaper is incorporated in a furnishing scheme by Maples. The background shows a detail of the paper design in one of its alternative colours.

To Love and to Last

WHICH is the best budget principle with clothes? Is it to pay less and buy more often or to splurge on something that will last? Personal taste and needs are a ruling factor but, in general, the value of the better garment over its poor relation cannot be disputed. The secret is in the choice of good clothes which are lasting in style as well as quality.

Radical changes of fashion are few, and despite minor variations, some styles persist. They are never démodé. Always amenable to treatment with new accessories. In their different spheres we think the clothes photographed exemplify this character. They are clothes to love and last in any wardrobe whatever its budget.

FASHION and the women who inspire it have made a permanency of the loose coat style. It goes on from season to season and varies only in weight and in detail. Carpentier's *lovely free swinging, peacock blue, ribbed wool coat in the upper left of the facing page typifies the elegance of the cut that is both fitted and free. Below it* Balmain's *black wool jersey dress identifies perfection in the "little black" without which no wardrobe is complete.*

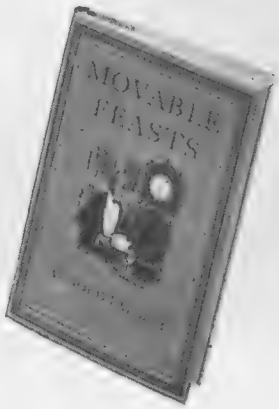
A good classic suit like the Koupy *black barathea (top) is an essential in a limited wardrobe and deserves the finish of a classic silk blouse. Such a one as this (above), in pure silk with fine embroidery will prove its worth in appearance and in every practical quality to the last.* Dickins & Jones.

When it comes to the dress which is to endure and face up to any daytime occasion the good tailored wool is the quintessence of taste and long-term economy. The Marcus *model, right, will be slow to date and flattering throughout its life.*

Book Reviews:

by

Trevor Allen



HOW many playgoers could name the first professional English actress? She appears to have been Mistress Margaret Hughes, a "dashing, flashing brunette" who played Desdemona at the Vere Street Theatre on the present Stoll site in December, 1660. In 1656 a Mrs. Coleman had played to a paying audience in a private house, but she was an amateur. Earlier, when a French company brought over actresses in Charles I's reign, they were "hissed, hooted and pippin-pelted from the stage," to quote an onlooker, and the company bolted back home cursing the English barbarians. W. Macqueen-Pope tells the story of woman's conquest of the English stage in **"Ladies First"** (W. H. Allen, 20s.), and readers of his recent articles in BRITANNIA AND EVE will need no further kindling. He compères the historic pageant up to divine Ellen Terry, then ducks and dives into the wings, for where contemporaries and friends are concerned "I have to consider my own safety," and we should hate to lose so graphic a chronicler.

WOULD you relish dining at 11 a.m.? It was the custom in Henry VII's England. In Cromwell's they dined at 1 p.m., by 1780 from 3 to 5 p.m., and a dinner invitation in those leisurely days implied seven or eight hours' company till midnight. Now we dine as late as 9 p.m. China tea first came to London in 1657, averaging 15s. per lb., 60s. in 1666; the cheaper Indian in 1839. The Duchess of Bedford seems to have pioneered ladies' afternoon tea parties. So much, and more, I gather from Arnold Palmer's **"Movable Feasts"** (Cumberledge, O.U.P., 16s.), a wittily written dissertation on meal-times and social manners, charmingly produced, illustrated from old prints.

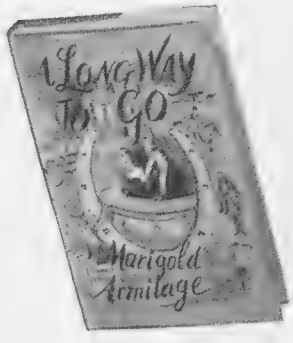
MANNERS half a century and more ago are portrayed with a delicate humour in Gwen Raverat's memoir of a Cambridge childhood, **"Period Piece"** (Faber, 21s.). Her Aunt Etty told her, at eighty-six, that she had never made a pot of tea, been out in the dark alone or tasted any chicken but the breast; evidently she had always taken a maid with her on a train journey or in a fly to the dentist's. Mrs. Raverat, Charles Darwin's grand-daughter, often visited his widow at Downe, where she met more quaint museum pieces of a now pre-historic past. The story is as deliciously naïve as her own line drawings which illustrate it.

THESE Victorians would have shuddered at Mrs. Robert Henrey's life in Soho, with her mother's brief marriage to French chef Etienne breaking up. **"An Exile In Soho"** (Dent, 16s.) bridges *The Little Madeleine* and *Madeleine Grows Up*; and a vivid picture it gives of the frustrated chef, his dressmaker mother, his first wife Blanche who died, their two children, and his nomad life abroad which took him to Moscow and St. Petersburg. Mrs. Henrey doesn't shrink from sentiment; could any human story like hers be real without it?

ONE turns to Hitler with acute distaste, as if a sewer had suddenly opened; but Oxford historian Alan Bullock's **"Hitler: A Study In Tyranny"** (Odhams, 25s.) is a significant, well-written biography, the most complete to date, partly based on captured German records, the memoirs of German leaders, and the Nuremberg Trials. "Hitler," he writes, "was no fool." But at least he shared the folly of most dictators: not knowing where to stop. Reading this life from early Austrian days to the final drama in Berlin, one can only mourn that mankind should be crucified by such sadists and mountebanks.

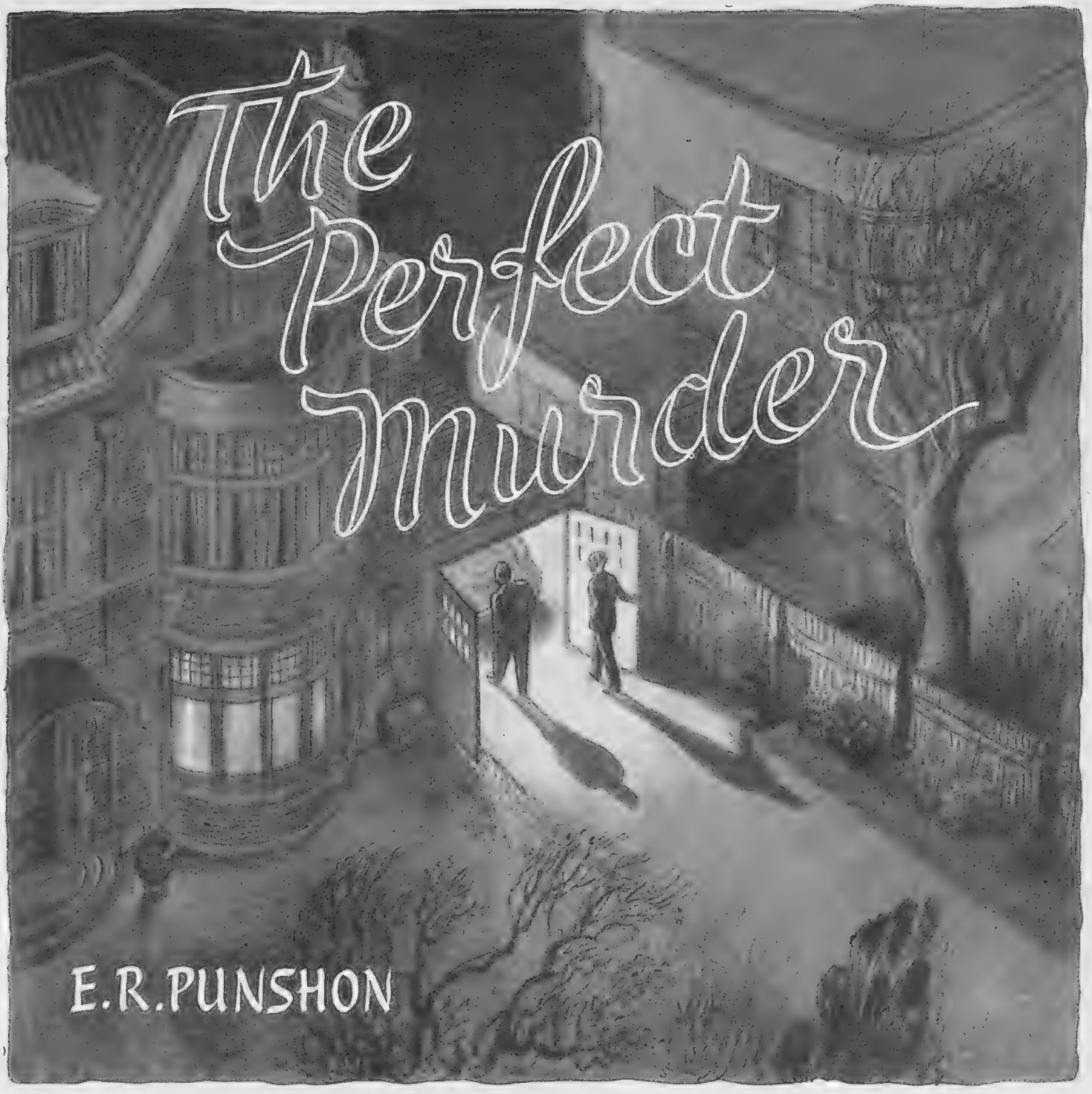
ANOTHER, if less predatory, dictatorship is at the bar of judgment in **"Defence Of** (*Continued on page 50*)

CHOICE OF THE MONTH



ALTHOUGH the Somerville-Ross partnership is no more, one may cry *Resurgam!* to those gaieties of *The Irish R.M.*, for here is a first novel—Marigold Armitage's **"A Long Way To Go,"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.)—which carries on the tradition: hunting, hunt balls, racing, drinking, poker parties and all. Anthony, a playwright, returns home with the glamour-girl he is to marry, and the Knockmoree family gets to work on them all to some mischief.

My diaphragm has quaked over the belly-laughs in this brilliant comedy, which includes Aunt Emmy, a cigar jutting from her weather-beaten face, who "when she got on to a horse, always looked as if she had been put there to dry." I can only say to this gifted newcomer: "Where have you been all this time, honey?" wish her joy, and be thankful that she has a pretty name like Marigold. If I know anything she has come to stay. . . .



She was restless and silent, as though she feared some impending disaster

BRIDGE was over. The others had gone, for it was growing late. There lingered by the cheery wood fire, grateful on this chilly, windy autumnal evening, the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brendon, and their next door neighbour, Andy Chisholm. Mr. Brendon had just been to the door to see off one of the departing guests. He was a tall, chubby faced, smiling man, a stockbroker by profession, one who had the reputation of smiling always, on good days as on bad, for he had also the reputation of being much more of a gambler than are most of his sober and cautious colleagues of the "house." Tales were often whispered of his heavy losses as of his startling gains, but on the whole these seemed to cancel out each other, leaving him with a very comfortable income from his partnership in an old-established firm of jobbers. His temperament was in fact an odd mixture of caution and daring, and though he loved taking a risk, the odds were generally well calculated and often precautions taken to effect insurance against failure. He was smiling and genial as ever now as he waved back to his seat Chisholm who had just risen to take his leave.

"No hurry, don't rush away yet," Brendon protested. "You haven't far to go."

Their houses were in fact next to each other in the pleasant suburban road they inhabited. Only their garages, side by side, separated their dwellings, and their long gardens naturally bordered on each other.

"Another little drink won't do us any harm," Brendon insisted as his guest still hesitated. "Besides, Lottie has to apologize for letting you down so badly to-night."

"I know I played dreadfully," murmured Lottie Brendon.

SHE was a tall, attractive woman, with dark hair and eyes, and a small pouting mouth. Like Chisholm, she was better at tennis than at bridge. They were in fact the

THE silence of the room was unbroken, save for the crackling of the fire. A half-burned log fell on the hearth . . . Brendon stooped to pick it up

twin stars of the local tennis club, and both were comparative novices at bridge, though it was not often Mrs. Brendon played as badly as she had done to-night. Brendon on the other hand cared for no outdoor game, but was something of an authority on bridge. As a poker player, too, his prowess was legendary.

"Chisholm's too polite to say anything," Brendon smiled as his wife murmured her apology, "but a husband has his privileges. Two revokes, I believe, my dear, and that last call in 'No Trumps' enough to make the walls of the Portland Club crumble into dust."

He lifted hands of mock horror. Chisholm and Mrs. Brendon exchanged embarrassed looks. It was almost the first time that evening that their glances had met, but only a very close and watchful observer would have noticed as much. Neither of them spoke. Brendon, who seemed in a talkative mood, went on:

"I expect Lottie's got something on her mind. Cook threatened to give notice?" he asked her.

"No, no," she answered at once. "It's just that I'm tired."

"Tired?" he repeated musingly. "Tired of what, I wonder?"

They both looked at him quickly and then away again more quickly still. He did not seem to notice. He was contemplating the fire with an abstracted, absent air, his smile still about his lips, for a smile's a useful thing with which to hide your thoughts. Both the others remained silent, but Chisholm was habitually a silent man. A lawyer by profession, he left the practice almost entirely to his partners, disappearing for long periods into unknown countries and returning with nothing more to show than sunburn and perhaps a scar or two—a missing tip of a little finger once—and with even less to say.

HE was said to be married, but no one had ever seen his wife or even knew if he really had one; and if odd looking persons of outlandish appearance, and not always of his own sex, occasionally turned up inquiring for him at the office, to the diversion of the staff and the scandal of the partners, occasionally also he introduced valuable new clients who had met or heard of him in queer distant places respectable London solicitors seldom know of. There was, for instance, that affair of the disputed ownership of the goldmine in Kamchatka. A really valuable bit of business that had turned out to be and one gaining the firm useful contacts in high political circles.

Rousing himself from his abstraction, Brendon poured out another drink, for himself and for his wife.

"Drink up, old chap," he said to Chisholm, "you're falling behind."

Chisholm, in fact, had not touched his glass. Brendon, possibly out of courtesy to his guest, made no attempt to taste that he had just poured out for himself. But Mrs. Brendon drank hers at a gulp. The drink had been a stiff one nor was she much used to alcohol, but it seemed to have no effect. Her cheeks remained as pale as before, her long white hands returned to clasp each other firmly in her lap, more firmly than before, indeed.

"I hear you are off again, Chisholm," Brendon continued, favouring his guest with a specially cheery smile. "I suppose you'll be basking soon in the sunshine of Arabia or Timbuktu—or is it China this time?"

"Not China," Chisholm answered. "China's no place for visitors just now."

"Ah, but you've a reputation," Brendon reminded him. "A reputation with the ladies—with Lottie especially—a reputation for seeking out all the most troubled spots in the world, all the places where there's no longer peace, concord and goodwill, as the Litany says. Eh, Lottie? And wasn't there something about Abyssinia?"

"I never got farther than Egypt that time," Chisholm answered briefly.

"Egypt? Oh, well, everyone's been to Egypt. Wonderful place, Egypt. The Nile. The Pyramids. The Sphinx. Especially the Sphinx."

"Why specially the Sphinx?"

"Because one never knows," Brendon answered slowly and for the moment lost his smile. "With the Sphinx, one never knows. You feel that, too, Lottie? Full of associations, Egypt. Do you know, I don't suppose I ever think of Egypt without (*Continued on page* 54)

Tailored Jacket

This jacket is darted at the waist and shoulders to ensure a good tailored fit. It takes 15 ozs. of Lister's Lavenda 4-ply wool, two pairs of No. 11 needles and 7 buttons. The instructions are for a 36–37-in. bust, length from shoulder to hem, 22½ ins. The tension is 7 stitches and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE garment is worked entirely in double moss stitch. That is, knit two, purl two for two rows, then purl two, knit two for two rows. These four rows are repeated throughout, extra sts. being brought into the patt. where they occur

CENTRE BACK PANEL.—Cast on 44 sts. Work 16 rows. Keeping continuity of patt., dec. at both ends of next, and every 8th row following until there are 32 sts. Work 3 ins. after last dec., then inc. at both ends of next and every 10th row following, until there are 44 sts. Leave these on spare needle.

RIGHT BACK PANEL.—Cast on 36 sts. Work 12 rows. Dec. at *beg.* of next row. Work 7 rows. Dec. at both ends of next row. Rep. last 8 rows 3 times (27 sts.). Work 7 rows.

Dec. at *beg.* of next row.

Work 3 ins.

Inc. at both ends of next and every 8th row following until there are 38 sts.

Continue working until strip measures the same length as centre panel (inc. at *beg.* of next 6th row = 39 sts.), but with no more inc. at end of rows. Leave on needle.

LEFT BACK PANEL.—Work to match right panel, reversing all shapings, i.e. inc. and dec. at *end* of row, instead of beg. Pin, or tack, centre panel between right and left panels. See that the sts. are right to be worked across in one row, matching patt. correctly. If necessary work one or two rows, to get sts. right.

Work across these 122 sts., and inc. at both ends of every 6th row, until there are 128 sts., and work measures 14 ins. down centre back.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; dec. at beg. of every row until there are 104 sts.

Continue without further dec. until armhole measures 8 ins. Shape shoulders by casting off 13 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remainder.

RIGHT FRONT.—Cast on 90 sts. Work in patt. for 5 ins., dec. at *beg.* of 10th, 20th, 30th, 38th, 46th and 52nd rows (84 sts.).

Next row.—(Front of fabric, straight edge of work at beg. of needle.) Patt. 3 sts., cast off 5, patt. next 7, cast off 5, patt. to end.

Dec. at beg. of next row, and cast on 5 sts. over the cast off ones in previous row.

Work 8 rows more, dec. at beg. of 6th one—shaped end of fabric—(82 sts.).

Next row (front of work facing).—Patt. 46 sts., turn, (leave other 36 sts. to be worked later).

Work 33 rows, inc. at end of 2nd and every 6th row following 5 times (52 sts.).

Note.—The inc. are made in centre of fabric; keep the buttonhole edge straight.

Make two buttonholes at intervals of 2½ ins., five sets in all.

Leave these 52 sts. on needle, with wool at end of shaped edge.

Join fresh ball of wool and work 32 rows on last 36 sts., inc. at both ends of every 8th row (44 sts.). Break wool.

Evening Sweater

The instructions for this evening sweater are very short and easy to follow. It takes only 4½ ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool, a reel of silver thread, 36 sequins and roll elastic to keep the neckline firm. Worked on No. 12 and No. 10 needles at a tension of 7½ stitches and 10 rows to 1 in., the sweater fits a 34-in. bust

BACK and front of the evening sweater are both worked alike. With No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. in wool. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 130 sts.

Work straight until there are 10 ins. from casting on.

Now dec. for armholes :

On a k. row, k. 4, k. 2 tog. ; k. to within 6 sts. ; k. 2 tog., k. 6.

Next row.—K. 4, p. 2 tog. ; p. to within 6 sts. ; p. 2 tog., k. 4.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 98 sts.

Continue the k. borders but do not dec. any more until there are 12 ins. from casting on.

Change to k. 1, p. 1 rib and No. 12 needles for 1½ ins. Cast off.

THE YOKE.—Cast on 24 sts. with No. 10 needles.

1st row.—P. **2nd row.**—K.

3rd row.—K. twice into first st., k. to end.

4th row.—K., ending k. twice into last st.

5th row.—K. twice into first st., k. to end.

6th row.—K., ending k. twice into last st.

7th row.—K. **8th row.**—K. **9th row.**— K. 2 tog. and k. to end.

10th row.—K., ending k. 2 tog.

11th row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

12th row.—K., ending k. 2 tog.

13th row.—K. **14th row.**—K.

Rep. 1st to 14th rows for 36 ins., ending with 14th row. Cast off. (*Instructions for making up on page* 55)

Now join two pieces tog. by working across 96 sts., making sure patt. is correct.

Continue the inc. at side seam edge on the correct 8th row three times more (99 sts.), remembering the buttonholes every 2½ ins.

When the side seam measures the same as back, cast off 5 sts., *at this edge,* twice, 3 sts. once (86 sts.) ; dec. on every row four times (82 sts.) ; dec. on every other row until there are 78 sts.

Work 2 ins., then inc. in first st. at front (buttonhole) edge, on next row.

Work 5 rows.

Next row.—Inc. in first st., patt. next 52 sts., work 2 tog., turn, (leave last 24 sts. on spare needle).

Work 5 rows. Inc. at beg. and dec. at end of next row.

Rep. last 6 rows five times. Inc. at shaped (buttonhole) edge on every 4th row twice.

Lay work out on top of back, and measure from beg. to shoulders, and work a few more rows, if necessary, to make front ¼ in. longer than back ; then cast off *at dart edge,* 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Work on the remaining 41 sts. for 3½ ins. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, cast off remainder.

Join wool and work on 24 sts., dec. at end of every 10th row (the dart edge) three times.

Work until armhole edge is the same as back. Cast off, at armhole edge, 10 sts., then 11 sts.

LEFT FRONT.—Work to match right front, reversing all shapings, omitting buttonholes. (*Continued on page* 55)

Margaret Sharp

Shopping For You

Intricate oiling jobs, like sewing machines, will be less difficult with this new oil pen. It not only applies oil with delicate precision, but also removes the excess, when you have been over-lavish. Incidentally, it is leak-proof and can be sent through the post as a gift. *Price* 15s.

This bird feeder is designed to attract different species of birds, and should be hung so that the birds can be observed from the house. The top section is a seed hopper, the middle section a nut feeder with a tit bell for fat underneath.
From the Army & Navy Stores

HAVE you seen Kops' Nemo-kins, the tiny girdle with the wonderful two-way stretching power? Made of white nylon and packed in a lace sachet, no bigger than a cigarette box, it costs only 16s. 6d.

The latest thing in sweaters for winter sports addicts are to be found at Fior, 3 Burlington Gardens. Hand knitted, in gaily coloured wool, they have cosy hoods, which can be rolled into polo collars. £9 19s. 6d.

Fior also have the most attractive little brocade taffeta collars and cravats with pearl pins, for dressing up jumpers and day dresses to go on into the evening. These cost 25s., and there is a slotted brocade scarf for 22s. 6d.

Newer than the stole is the stole-waistcoat, sold by French at his salon at 4 Curzon Place, Mayfair. It will keep you smart and warm on the bleakest days and, with its roomy pockets and matching belt, is most suitable for active daytime wear. It costs £2 18s.

Mr. French also has some charming sequin Juliet caps and chignon-caps, with a hole in the top, to be worn either with the fashionable horse's-tail hair-style or, for older women, with the sophisticated high bun. Prices range from 27s. to £3 5s. And you must not leave the salon without seeing the exclusive collection of contemporary jewellery by Alan Davie. Of beaten metal and silver, it is both very unusual and quite unique.

Excellent value in evening gloves is to be found at Fenwicks of Bond St. Full length and of fine mesh nylon, they cost only 14s. 11d. and come in a fascinating range of colours as well as black and white.

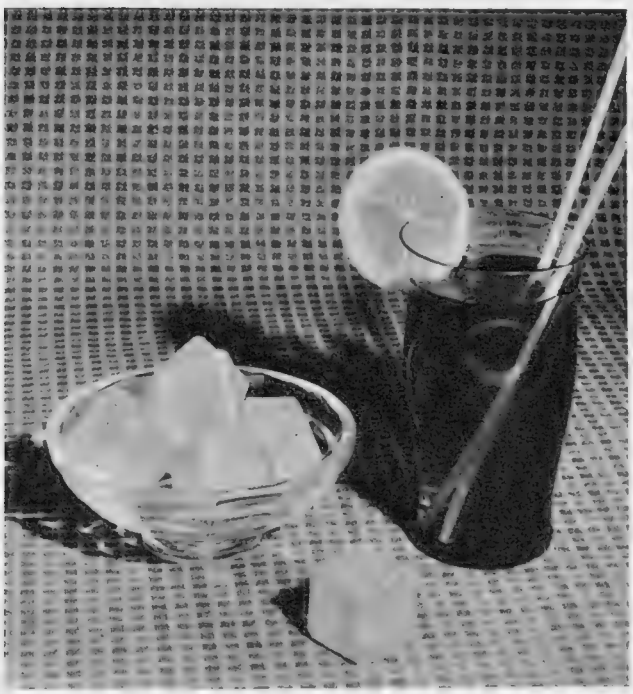
While at Fenwicks try on their amusing jelly-bag hats, which resemble tea-cosies when off but can look amazingly smart when worn to suit your individual style. They are so snug in bad weather and are far from expensive at 14s. 11d. for velvet and 10s. 6d. for jersey models.

The Mixmaid is a portable electric food mixer which does the work of an ordinary mixer but costs only a fraction of the price. It is light to use and consumes only one unit of electricity for twenty hours of mixing. In a cream enamelled finish, the price is £7 18s. 3d.

If you would like to have further details about the shopping items on these pages, please write to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A musical chair, which plays a nursery rhyme every time its young owner sits down, will be a great success in the nursery. It is a perfect miniature replica of a grown-up cane chair. They are available in a choice of pastel shades and different tunes. Price 52s. 8d.

Baffeez tartan house shoes are ideal for wear with the new leisure clothes. They are lined for warmth, and have plaited fibre soles tough enough for the occasional trip outdoors. There are three styles, including a smart box front slipper, in four tartans. Price 13s. 3d.



These everlasting ice-cubes are for all practical purposes unmeltable ice, which means that cocktails can be iced but not diluted, picnic baskets chilled without danger from melted ice. They are sealed plastic cubes filled with water and are frozen in the ice-tray. 12s. 6d. for 6.

KEEP a look-out for new fabrics which are now coming into the shops. Terrylene is a new synthetic material with all the qualities of nylon plus a lovely warm feeling. Mothproof, uncrushable, unshrinkable, long-wearing, non-fading, quick-drying, attractive, what more can one say? Marchington's are using a revolutionary new printing process for their summer cottons. The patterns are so lovely and so realistic that flower bouquets seem to blossom out of the fabric in a rich profusion of colour. These fine crease-resisting lawn prints will cost only about 16s. a yard.

The Otonirug is a warm woollen travelling rug with two roomy pockets and a hidden grip which hugs your waist and leaves your hands free. Ideal for winter travel, either by car (even for the driver) or by train. Scotch House, £4 15s.

A tube of Copydex all-purpose adhesive, in its self-sealing, self-applicator tube, should be part of the emergency kit in every home. The repair of carpets, books, lampshades and luggage are just a few of the jobs it will do.

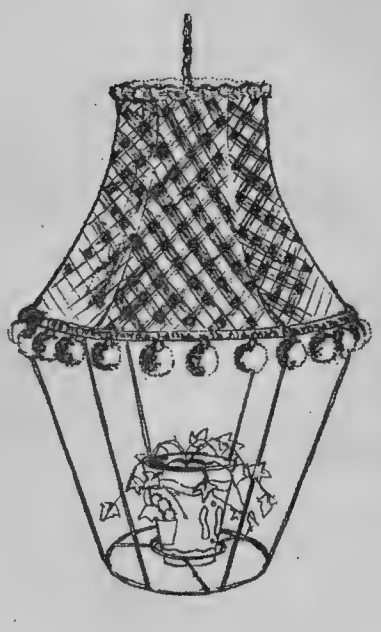
Just arrived in this country from New Zealand, and soon to be available on the home market, are the Dishmaster and the Wastemaster, a twin kitchen appliance associated in most Englishwomen's minds with film-stars' dream homes. The Dishmaster is an automatic dish-washer which will clean pots, pans, crockery and silver, rinse and dry them all in three minutes. The Wastemaster makes dustbins a back number by grinding all the domestic refuse, including broken bottles, to a powder which can be safely swilled down the drain.

The G.E.C. Home Broadcaster might be called the baby-sitter's friend. Placed near the baby's cot, it will pick up the faintest whimper and relay it through the radio. £2 2s.

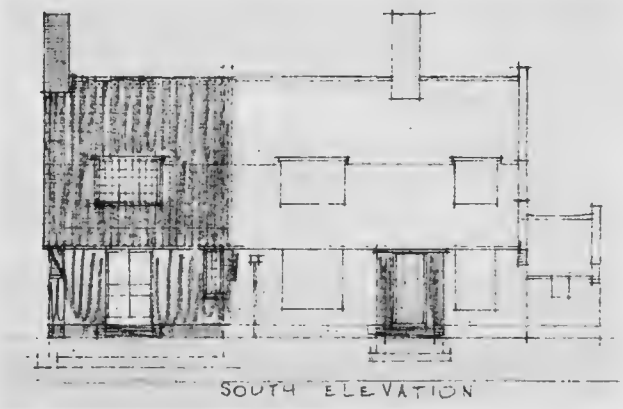
If you like making out-of-the-ordinary things, like knitted necklaces or crocheted wastepaper baskets, visit D. H. Evans' Knitting Wool Department, where they are selling patterns for these and other equally novel things.

WICKER AND WIRE

AN unexpected note of gaiety characterises the latest furnishing accessories. Austere functionalism of the pre-Festival era is giving way to wicker and wire, lace and gingham in a spirit of light-hearted nonsense. The two shades sketched on this page are for central hanging lamps. One is a china bird in a wicker cage; the other combines a blue painted flower-pot for some dainty trailing plant with a red gingham, bobble-fringed shade. The table lamp photographed right has a weighted base in natural wicker, topped by a coolie-hat shade in red wicker. These three are from John Lewis. The wall lamp below, from Marshall and Snelgrove, is a rococo confection in blue enamelled twisted wire and lace-trimmed white silk shade, with a posy of variegated artificial flowers to reflect the light from the lamp.



A Cottage Grows Up



JUST before the war on a wooded eminence which looks across the South Downs to the sea a small modern cottage was built. It realised the dream of its owner, Margery Hessel Tiltman, the novelist, to possess a country home which embraced some of the best features of an old cottage with the comforts that antiquity often lacks.

The architect, Mr. Paul Badcock, achieved this end with a design which settles naturally within its picturesque framework of woods and fields. It was a cottage in the true sense, with three rooms on the ground floor and two bedrooms and a bathroom above. It was sufficient at the time, but in 1949 Mrs. Tiltman decided to enlarge it, and Mr. Badcock was called in again. The pictures above and on the following pages show the happy result of this extension, and offer a pertinent comment on current possibilities of building a small house within licence limits which will lend itself easily to enlargement when funds and circumstances permit. The plan above shows how the addition was made.

THE dining-room (top), formerly the sitting-room, now gives access to the new sitting-room extension through glass-panelled doors which give an additional sense of spaciousness to both rooms. The staircase, in the background, is a decorative feature of the dining-room. A small room which was formerly the dining-room and is not shown here, has become a cosy study.

The top of the staircase (left) reaches the upstairs landing from which the bathroom and three bedrooms are entered.

All the front windows of the cottage look across the terraced garden and the Arun marshes to the sea. (left, below.)

The sitting-room (top, right) in the new wing has a continuous-burning grate, with an aperture on the outside wall through which ash can be removed once a week.

The dining-room (right), photographed in the opposite direction from the picture top left, shows the kitchen, situated behind the small study which was once the dining-room.

ABOVE the sitting-room in the new wing is the main bedroom (**top**). The bed is recessed between two clothes closets, and two dormer windows on the front command the south view.

Looking along the upstairs landing (**above**), the main bedroom is shown at the far end; the second bedroom, glimpsed through the door, is large enough for two beds. This room is adjacent to the third bedroom shown in the picture on the left. All three bedrooms being on the front of the house have a sunny south aspect, with extensive views across the garden and the open country beyond.

How The Atom Heals

We have been all too well informed of the more dreadful consequences of atomic research. Now *Doctor Baden Beatty* tells of its more beneficent aspects.

THROUGH many centuries, until the dawn of the scientific era, the ancient alchemists pursued their quest for the philosopher's stone. By means of it they believed that it would be possible to transmute base metal into gold. To them this was perfectly feasible, for they believed that all matter was composed of the four primary " elements "—Earth, Air, Fire and Water.

The modern scientific chemist now knows of ninety-six elements which, in their pure state or combined in various ways, compose the material structure of our universe. Some of these elements have names which are familiar to all of us, such as Oxygen, Hydrogen, Iron, Gold, Silver, Lead and Aluminium. Other names are known only to the few.

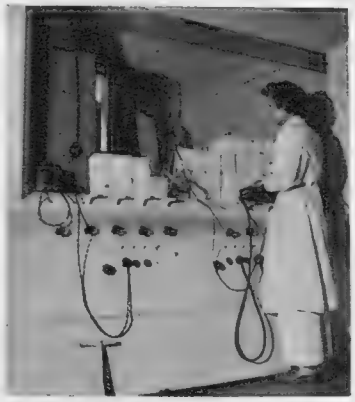
But all elements are composed of atoms, and for any one element all the atoms are similar, except that some of them may be radio-active. A quantity of an element containing such radio-active atoms is known as a radio-active isotope.

The term is only now becoming familiar in common parlance and, to the lay mind, is part of the mysterious tangle of atomic science which, in general, is associated with the atom bomb with all its dreadful significance. But, in fact, isotopes are being used extensively in medical, biological and industrial research and their beneficent promise is too little understood by a public overburdened with reports of the destructive aspects of atomic research.

ALTHOUGH the complex structure of the atom is not yet fully understood, it was soon realised that radio-active isotopes could be very valuable in chemical and biological research, for a substance containing an infinitesimal amount of an isotope is taken up by a plant from the soil, or by the body either of an animal or a man from food or drugs. Sensitive instruments like the Geiger-Muller counter trace the radio activity due to the isotope right from its entry into the plant or the body until it is eliminated. Thus every stage of the hitherto unknown process can be accurately mapped out and many secrets are disclosed.

The Isotope Division at Harwell is now producing them in sufficient quantity to make Britain the world's leading exporter; the profit made from their sale in 1951 was over £50,000. Nine thousand consignments went out, of which no fewer than 2,400 went overseas to twenty-five countries, including America.

Isotopes sent overseas go by air, in thick-walled lead containers placed in special fitments at the wing-tip of the aeroplane. Being radio-active, their manufacture and transport is carried out with strictest precautions to safeguard the health of personnel. Scientists working at the Harwell laboratories carry a strip of sensitive film in a plastic envelope inside the pocket of their white coat, so that the amount of radiation they receive can readily be checked. Isotopes are flown to their destination abroad because their effective period of radio-activity is limited.



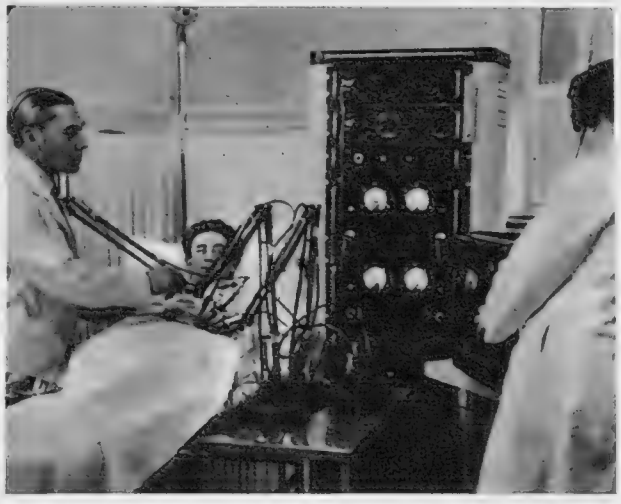
Preparing radio-active gold in colloidal solution for cancer treatment at the Harwell Research Establishment.

ELEMENTS artificially rendered radio-active by the cyclotron or the atomic pile are said to be " tagged " or " labelled." This means that they can be introduced into the body by breathing in, if they are in the form of gases, by swallowing or by injection when in the form of liquids or solids.

In the body they behave, apart from their radio-activity, exactly in the same way as similar non-radio-active substance. In most research, the point of the isotope's radio-activity is to enable the scientist to follow the pathway of the " tagged " atoms through the body.

Thus an isotope of iron has been used to elucidate the way in which this metal, taken in the food or in medicine, is absorbed from the intestine, carried in the blood-stream to the liver, spleen and bone-marrow, and is eventually built up into the oxygen-carrying pigment, Hæmoglobin of the red blood cells. This is one of the body's most complicated processes of internal chemistry, and one vital for all air-breathing creatures.

Similarly, the ways in which our bodies absorb, store, build up and break down substances like fats, sugars and vitamins has been studied and the actions of many drugs more clearly determined.

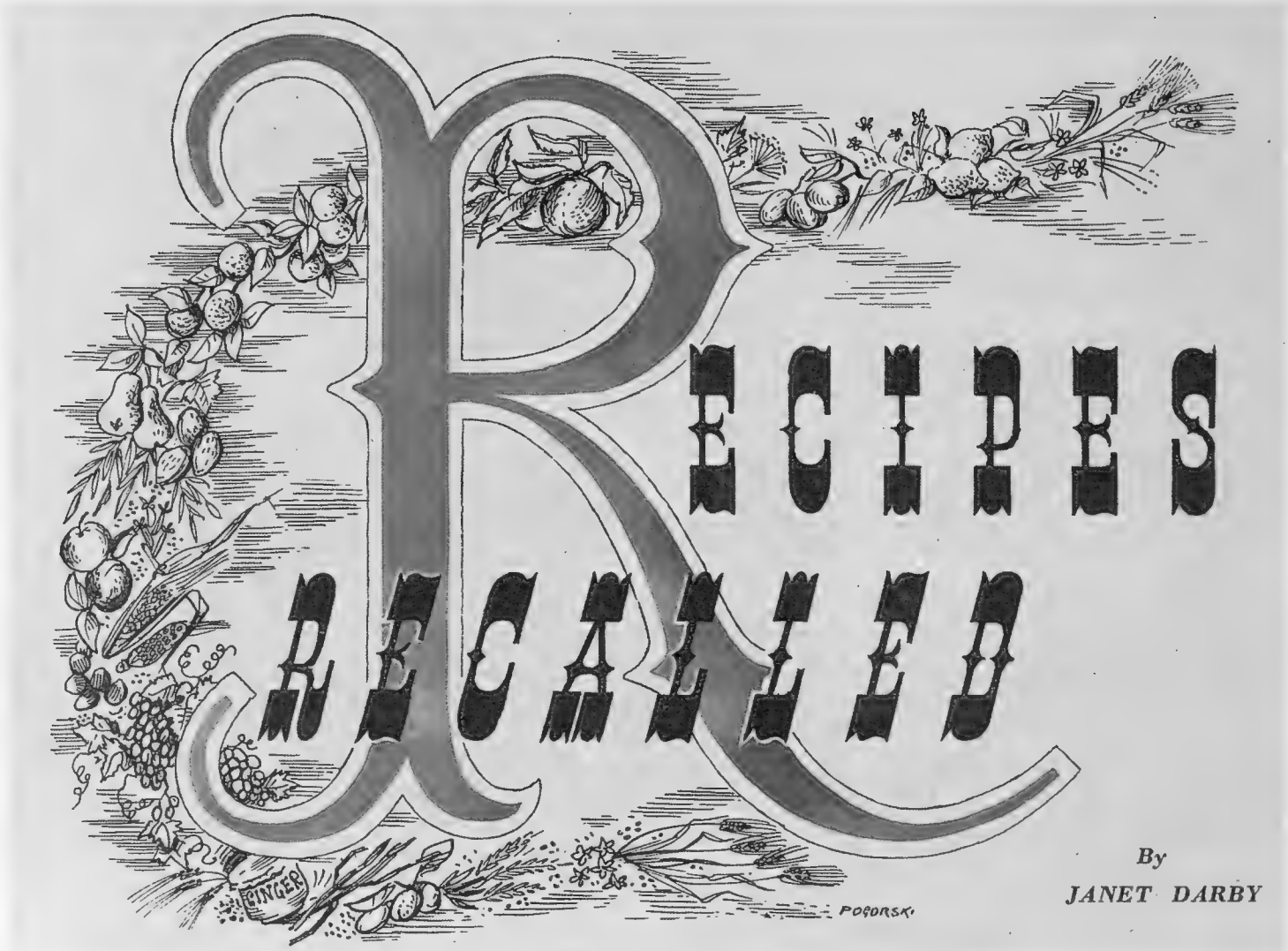


In plastic surgery the injection of a harmless radio-active fluid enables the flow of blood through the newly-grafted skin to be observed A scene from the " Arrow " film, *Atoms at Work*.

WHEN used in the treatment of disease or cancer, the isotopes' radio-activity is important not only for tracer purposes but for its actual effect on the diseased tissue cells.

P32, a radio-active isotope of Phosphorus, has been found useful in a blood disease called Polycythæmia, in which the number of the red blood cells increases to many times the normal, and which is usually fatal. The P32 is taken up by the blood-forming cells in the bone marrow

(*Continued on page 57*)



By
JANET DARBY

I HAVE been conducting what it is now fashionable to call a "survey" this month. Selecting my victims from what, I suppose, I must call a cross-section of the community, I asked each to look back to childhood and to recollect a favourite pudding or cake. The results of my investigations are set out here, in approximate order of favouritism.

First on the list comes *Bread Pudding*; not the weak version which one may discover here and there in these days, but a fine, hearty affair, solid with sticky richness. The great-grandmother of college pudding, in fact. Here is the recipe:

1 lb. of stale bread (brown or white or both).
4 ozs. plain flour.
½ lb. dates.
4 ozs. sultanas or raisins.
2 tablespoon treacle or syrup.
4 ozs. sugar.
1 heaped teaspoon of mixed spice.
6 ozs. suet.
4 ozs. currants.
2 ozs. candied peel.
1 egg.

Grease an oblong baking-tin, about 10 by 8 ins. Put the bread into a basin, cover with water, and leave to soak till soft. Meantime prepare the fruit; chop the dates and, if you are using butcher's suet, chop that too. Strain the water from the bread, squeezing until it is moist and not soggy. Break the soaked bread up with a fork, add the flour and suet first, then the fruit and spice (you can add a little grated lemon rind if you like), then the sugar and syrup, and beat thoroughly until all the ingredients are well mixed. Finally beat in the egg. Put the mixture in the baking-tin and bake in a moderate oven for about 1½ hours. Serve hot as a pudding, with custard, or cold in slabs. It 's a comfort and a delight either way.

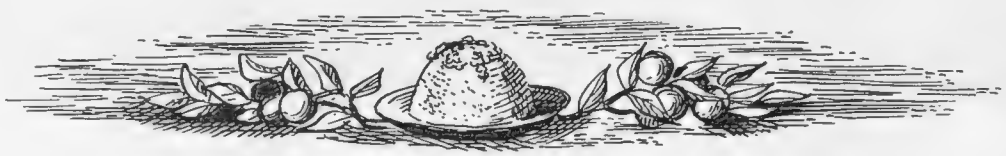
I can remember rushing home from school and coming into the house through the back-door, merely for the pleasure of finding myself in the kitchen when bread pudding had been baking. That rich, spicy smell was almost a meal in itself, and although I have no doubt that I did full justice to the main course, there was always room for at least two helpings of pudding. Ah, the careless rapture of those childhood days! What can we find to equal it nowadays, as we trifle with our grapefruit or toy with a scrap of toast melba, merely for the sake of half-an-inch or so off our waistline!

A SOLID, curranty pudding is almost in danger of complete extinction. I hope you will all join with me in bringing it back to life. You need the following ingredients for the "Spotted Dog" of happy childhood memory:

½ lb. flour.
Good pinch of salt.
3 ozs. beef suet.
Grated rind of half a lemon.
½ teaspoon baking powder.
3 ozs. currants.
2 ozs. granulated sugar.
1 egg.

Sieve the flour, salt and baking-powder together, add the chopped suet, lemon rind, sugar and cleaned currants. Bind with the egg beaten up in a very little water. Mix the dough to a consistency firm enough to handle. Roll into a cylindrical shape and tie in a floured pudding-cloth. Place into boiling water and keep boiling (the water must be moving all the time) for 1½ hours. Remove the cloth and place the pudding at once on to a warmed dish. Serve with custard. Stoking up with this on a really cold day is my idea of central heating!

In the "survey," Marmalade Pudding tied for third place with Ginger Pudding, so I propose to give you a basic recipe which, with certain amendments, makes either.



Do you recall some favourite dishes of younger days, which, with other pleasures, have departed?

As a beginning, you will need the following ingredients:

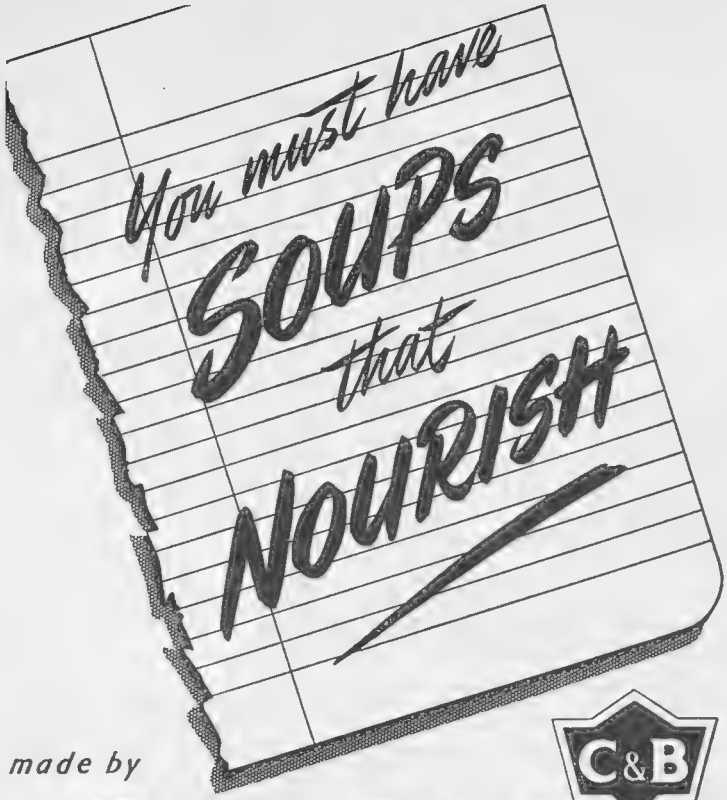
4 oz. flour.
4 oz. suet.
1 tsp. baking powder.
A little milk.
4 oz. breadcrumbs.
1 egg.
2 oz. brown sugar.

Put all the dry ingredients into your mixing bowl; beat the egg with a little milk, and mix to a moist consistency. If you are making marmalade pudding you add four tablespoons of marmalade, stirring it in well. Now grease your pudding-bowl, place two tablespoons of marmalade at the bottom, and put the pudding mixture on top of it. Cover with greased paper, steam for two hours, and turn out carefully on to a hot dish. The marmalade at the bottom of the bowl will form a golden cap to the pudding.

If you are making ginger pudding, add to the basic recipe two tablespoons of treacle or syrup, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 oz. of crystallized ginger, chopped fairly small. Mix well. At the bottom of the pudding-bowl place 1 tablespoon of treacle or syrup, a squeeze of lemon juice, then the pudding mixture, and proceed as before. Appetite is the only additional sauce you will need with either of these.

Still harking back to childhood, I recall that I frequently took the long way home for the pleasure of standing in front of a little bakery; not one of your grand multiple shops, but a homely little place where the delicious yeasty smell of rising bread-dough mingled with the spicy smell of the currant buns and the *Eccles cakes*. The Eccles cakes! When I had a penny to spend I would go in and buy two of these beauties, which, in our irreverent way, we used to call fly cemeteries. Try this recipe for them:

Make a good flaky pastry with 8 oz. flour, 8 oz. fat, which can be half lard and half margarine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, cold water to mix. Sift flour with a pinch of salt and rub in 2 oz. of the fat. Mix to an elastic dough with a little water. Roll out to an oblong. Place the remainder of the fat on one half of the oblong, fold over the second half of the dough, and press the edges together, so that you have made a sandwich with the fat in the middle. Fold into three and roll out to the original size of the oblong. Repeat the folding and rolling process three times, putting aside for 10 minutes or so between each rolling. Put in a cool place for an hour before using. (*Continued on page* 60)



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Book Reviews

(*Continued from page* 34)

Freedom" (Boardman, 15s.) by the Editors of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, the leading Spanish-language newspaper suppressed by the Peron régime in 1951. It describes the campaign of victimization which eventually drove editor-in-chief Alberto Paz and his colleagues to refuge in Uruguay, and quotes editorials from the journal. That Peron should hate and fear a free press we understand, but that the Confederation of Labour should abet him turns tyranny into farce.

OUR solace for these two sorry records of misused, misguided power is in **"Jan Christian Smuts,"** by his son J. C. Smuts (Cassell, 25s.), for here was a man who, rising above the bitterness of conflict, could use power for the benefit of his fellows as one of the world's most pacific, visionary statesmen, and remain simple in heart and habit. Much of it, admittedly, is written in "a mood of eulogy" from love and admiration, but it is a sound, comprehensive "interim biography," which the later official one may excel in range but hardly in spirit.

I MUST go to the island of Ibiza some time, if only in the hope of being twelfth man, for a girl there may be betrothed to a dozen suitors, receiving each in turn every evening in her home. When one has had his allotted time he yells loudly for the next; if he overstays, those waiting outside begin shouting. Well, I guess I could shout with the rest, but they'd get no yell out of me. They must be a charming people, for when the tax collector comes they take to the woods. Eric Whelpton gives a first-rate account of Majorca and Minorca, too, with helpful tips to tourists, in **"The Balearics"** (Hale, 21s.), which has superb photographs.

FORTY fine colour photographs by A. F. Kersting with distinctive countryside commentary by H. E. Bates make **"The Face Of England"** (Batsford, 21s.) a cherishable quarto. E. Fitch Daglish's **"Enjoying The Country"** (Faber, 18s.) gives us out-of-the-way nature lore with his own drawings. Peter Pinney's **"Dust On My Shoes"** (Angus & Robertson, 18s.) is a robust record of a hard-up trek from Greece to Burma via Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, northern India, with adventures most of the way.

VARIATIONS on the love-theme in novels range from the lyrical to the symphonic. Howard Clewes in **"An Epitaph For Love"** (Macmillan, 11s. 6d.) shows an Englishman falling for an Italian girl he has been sent to kidnap in Florence for betraying the partisans. Later he meets her again, as a chambermaid spy, and each time a sense of duty cuts across the romance, which is described with beauty and poignancy.

DANIELE VARE'S **"Gay Melody"** (Methuen, 15s.), also Italian in background, comprises two love stories, one told by the author in youth for the girl he loved, the other in after years for her daughter: a cavalcade of meetings and partings, touchingly presented.

DORIS LESSING'S rebellious **"Martha Quest"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) feels her first passionate gropings for love on a veld farm, and realizes them, with the disillusionment they bring, when she takes a job in a city. They are treated with Lawrencian frankness in this inspired study of South African adolescents.

ROSAMUND HARCOURT-SMITH'S **"Fever Of Love"** (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) is a tangled one of two young wives, each seeing in the other's husband a cure for her frustration. They belong to a sophisticated set in which a changeover would seem the practical solution, but that proves to be not as easy as it looks.

THE ballet and Monte Carlo are the enchanting backgrounds to the loves of two sisters in Terence Kennedy's **"Starlight"** (Wingate, 10s. 6d.): Aida, the dancer, who captures fame—and the Count de Maurac—at the Paris Opera; Gilda, who becomes the mistress of a rich Maharajah she meets at Monte and marries him when she is with child. How each fares in her dazzling setting is the story.

IN Edna Ferber's **"Giant"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) the love is a refined Virginia girl's for her Texan rancher husband. They move in a set dominated by cattle, oil, money, Cadillacs, private planes, mink capes and all the social snobberies that go with them. Miss Ferber presents it vividly.

AN innocent young girl who marries a much older dilettante Liberal, the impact of the marriage on her character and her love for a man of her own age, make the main theme of Irene Rathbone's **"The Seeds Of Time"** (Faber, 15s.), a sensitive study for the intelligent, marred by a staccato style almost atomic.

THOSE who have read *The Flax Of Dream* stories about young Willie Maddison will be drawn to Henry Williamson's **"The Donkey Boy"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), which portrays the suburban boyhood of errant Philip, Willie's cousin, fifty years ago. Another tale of boyhood is Mazo de la Roche's **"A Boy In The House"** (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) in which an orphan employed by two old ladies becomes involved in a murder tragedy. Thomas Hal Phillips's **"Search For A Hero"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) concerns a U.S. youth, unsure in relation to family and the girl he loves, who joins the Navy to prove himself in war.

A. P. HERBERT turns a sympathetic eye on Napoleon during his Elba interlude in **"Why Waterloo?"** (Methuen, 15s.).

INEZ HOLDEN'S **"The Owner"** (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.) is a fantasy about a poor young man aptly named Veneer who becomes estate agent and secretary on a castle property, day-dreams himself into virtual ownership by drowning the owner, and still lingers on in a corner of it after it has become an asylum. We don't believe a word of it, but it makes good reading.

"There She Blows!" by Hakon Mielche (Hodge, 12s. 6d.). The log of a whaling trip. **"Crusader In The Secret War,"** by the Countess of Listowel (Christopher Johnson, 18s.). Biography of a secret service man. **"Wines Of France,"** by Alexis Lichine (Cassell, 21s.). Describes the making and makers of French wines by the owner of three great vineyards. **"Best Stories From Collier's,"** edited by Knox Burger (William Kimber, 15s.). Nineteen short stories from America's fiction magazine. **"Plowmen's Clocks,"** by Alison Uttley (Faber, 10s. 6d.). Essays on reminiscences. **"The Best Of Dorothy Parker,"** (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). Anthology of ninety-one pieces. **"Verse And Worse,"** a private collection by Arnold Silcock (Faber, 12s. 6d.), illustrated by V. H. Drummond; a selection of verse "witty, fantastic and sometimes rather scandalous." **"How To Identify Persian Rugs And Other Oriental Rugs,"** by C. J. Delabere May (Bell, 16s.), with 27 plates and 32 figures. **"The Island Beyond The Horizon,"** by Sverre Holmsen (James Barrie, 12s. 6d.). Autobiography of a Swede, wife and daughter, who settled in Tahiti. **"Tonight And Every Night,"** by Vivian Van Damm (Stanley Paul, 15s.). The story of the Windmill Theatre off Piccadilly Circus, with thirty-nine photographs. **"Bernard Shaw And Mrs. Patrick Campbell,"** edited by Alan Dent (Victor Gollancz, 21s.). The letters between them from 1899 to 1940. **"A Bonnie Fechter,"** by Marjorie Pentland (Batsford, 21s.). The life of Ishbel Marjoribanks, Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, G.B.E., LL.D., J.P., with eighty-seven photographs. Sir Alfred Munnings, K.C.V.O., P.P.R.A. **"The Finish,"** (Museum Press, 30s.). The autobiography with over 170 illustrations by the author. **"Late Extra,"** edited by John Millard (Associated Newspapers, 7s. 6d.). A miscellany by *Evening News* writers, artists, and photographers.

END

Thus The Career Woman

(*Continued from page* 11)

THUS the career woman: an imperfect, but hard-working female with both eyes fixed firmly on different balls—the woman who enjoys the best and often the worst of two worlds. But *who* she is does not really clarify *why* she is. The debilitated condition of the family budget is only part of the answer, as is the urge of the talented woman for self-fulfilment. Even more basic, perhaps, is the change and shift of the world we live in, and the resultant effect on that cosy little social unit known as "the family."

Consider, briefly, the family as it existed in Victorian times. Nicely brought-up girls were brought up in large families for the purpose of bringing up large families. Nothing else. It was not even very proper for a lady to ride alone on a bus—let alone have contact with the unspeakable world of the wage-earner.

Nowadays it is taken for granted that nearly all girls work at nearly anything—at least *before* they are married. Horizons for the modern woman are constantly broadening and changing. Families are smaller, homes are also smaller and much easier to run. The challenges of present-day society demand an all-round efficiency, a breadth of outlook, of which every woman is conscious.

Our concepts of family life are changing. This does not mean the family is less important—in fact the emotional security, the stability it offers have probably never been more important. But the members of to-day's family are, of necessity, more self-reliant, more outgoing, more involved with society than the old-fashioned self-contained family group.

Home is no longer the private world it used to be, and as a natural result, women are beginning to look beyond its boundaries. But the present day career woman is caught in the transition stage of a society which accepts that women should work, but does not define how much—or for how long. It is beginning, but only beginning to make allowances for the married woman with a job. But there are still not enough facilities, free or otherwise, to simplify the dual rôle of wife and wage earner.

I repeat—family life is changing—the rôle of women in society is not so much changing as broadening. The modern career woman is a reflection of that change. And whether we see her as a courageous pioneer or a saboteur of ancient feminine principles—I think we may as well accept the fact that she is here to stay.

END

Manful Dancing

(*Continued from page 24*)

"He's a dancer," began the tramp.

"I know that. I don't want you to dooker him. What does he say?"

"He's a dancer. He earns money dancing. He's a ballet dancer."

Angelia and Ferdy looked at one another.

"What's that?" asked Angelia, unwillingly admitting her ignorance.

"On the stage. Theatre. People pay to see him. He's famous. His name's Maurice Bois."

"His name's Manful Woods," shouted Angelia.

"He has another name for dancing. He was trained for a long time, now he's very successful. He's making a film. There's a bit out of a London paper here says he's the greatest English dancer. He keeps asking if you want anything. He asks after all of you and says to get one of the farm hands to write a letter for you. He says he's sorry if he made you unhappy, but he had to go his way."

THERE was a long, tense silence in the wagon. Angelia and Ferdy were trying, their keen wits darkened by ignorance, to master this perplexing news.

"Theatre?" asked Angelia at last.

"Like the cinema," explained the tramp, "only showing live people."

There were slow nods.

"That's where he gets the money, then?"

"Hundreds of pounds a week," said the tramp unctuously. "I've seen his name up," he added. "Big letters."

Angelia felt in her bag.

"This one came this morning," she said.

The tramp read it, then grinned.

"He's sending a car for you," he said, "to take you to the theatre in London to see him dance. Next Thursday. He says the driver will show you where to ask for him afterwards."

"That's enough!" said Angelia sharply, feeling perhaps that the tramp was accompanying her and Ferdy too far into these fantastic realms. "I'll buy you a quart to-night and if you open your mouth you know what will happen to you."

When the tramp had gone neither Angelia nor Ferdy spoke. Stunned and perplexed each was aware that the other could say nothing to enlighten them. Ferdy knew that Angelia's resource was sufficient for every situation which could befall them; she could mollify an angry farmer, fight any woman on the road and a good many men, deal with ration cards and all kinds of inspectors. But this was not of their world. They sat in silence till Angelia said: "I'm going to put the kettle on." They did not refer to the tramp's information.

BY the following Thursday, the day designated in the last letter from Manful, there had still been no word between husband and wife on the subject in their minds, so it must have been coincidence which caused them both to be dressed in their best clothes and to be idling round the wagon that afternoon instead of working. Angelia wore her rusty coat and skirt and a shapeless black straw hat, her thin legs covered with loose cotton stockings which bagged and folded above her ankles. Ferdy had a clean black handkerchief at his neck and kept his jacket open to show the twenty-seven silver articles (once the delight of his smallest children) which hung from his heavy watch-chain.

At five o'clock a large motor-car appeared at the gate of the field and the driver, a smart young man in uniform, came across and hearing that they were Ferdy and Angelia Woods, invited them to go with him.

Lips tight, eyes wide and watchful, stomachs turning with fear, minds suspicious and aggressive, the two old people sat side by side as the car was driven through their familiar countryside. Once they passed some living-wagons by the roadside (some of the Smiths they both knew), but still no word was spoken. It was as though speech might make them vomit, so tense and faint-hearted were they. The suburbs were a lighted jungle, menacing and strange, which seemed interminable to them. Then came the bridge over the river and at last a stop.

THEY found themselves among many people moving towards a doorway, the young driver of the motor-car directing them to hand some pieces of paper to a man in another uniform. The air about them was scented and they stared miserably in front of them, scarcely glancing at the gilt carving or distant roof. Then there was music and the lights went down.

Coloured creatures resembling men and women turned into birds began to populate the stage. Their movements were like the dance of motes before the eyes. Ferdy and Angelia watched them, their attention dragged painfully to the lighted area ahead of them. The ballet for them had neither pattern nor meaning and this hopping kaleidoscope tired their eyes.

But when Manful appeared they knew him. He was the chief of all the people there—any one could see that. The audience applauded his entry and they could see his quick smile before he, too, leapt into action with the rest. But Ferdy and Angelia sweated and screwed themselves up at the sight of him for Manful was nearly naked.

"That's him," said Ferdy, speaking for the first time.

"Ah," replied Angelia flatly.

They made no further comment during all the rest of the performance. They saw their son move his beautiful limbs in ways they wouldn't have dreamed possible, they saw him scorn the sweet ladies who encircled him in his dance (*Continued on page 52*)

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then leap high and seem to remain like a dizzy gnat in mid-air. They saw him in pursuit, moving with savage bounds, a beautiful greyhound deliberately displaying himself.

They saw his arms spread like wings and his body grow unsubstantial as his feet spurned the ground. They saw him enamoured, angry, broken-hearted, mischievous, wildly gay, pensive. He could do anything, it seemed, be anyone.

They caught some hint of the beauty in what they saw; there was enough discrimination in them, however primitive, to tell them that this was no ordinary display, no vulgar puppetry, but something with grandeur and grace in it, something which magnificently transcended reality.

They admired, after a fashion; they felt a sense of awe. But they could not forget that moment of shock when they first saw the graceful young man with the bare brown body gleaming and the eyes alight with passion and knew him for the son they had conceived and borne. And they felt very far away from him for he was a foreigner, a trained butterfly, and no gipsy boy at all.

When it was over they found the driver waiting for them.

"I'll take you round to Mr. Bois," he said.

"No. I want to go back," said Angelia.

"But Mr. Bois particularly——"

"She wants to go back," explained Ferdy harshly and with finality. They were driven home to the field where their wagon stood.

Not in all the long drive home, not during the rest of that unforgotten night, not at any time thereafter, did Ferdy or Angelia speak of what they had done and seen. Angelia broke silence once during the drive: "I told Nell to keep the fire in," she said. Otherwise they were as speechless as on their way to London.

TWO years later they saw him again and this time they talked with him for he came to their wagon. His arrival was heralded by a letter, and it was as well that Angelia had the matter of this one explained to her before he came for it was to be no ordinary visit.

"He's coming with photographers, and that," said the tramp. "Seems the newspapers want to see him with the people he belongs to. And he's bringing the young lady he's going to marry. Saturday, he's coming."

This time Angelia was stirred to activity.

"We shall have to tell the folk," she said to Ferdy when the tramp had gone.

"Have to," agreed Ferdy dully.

"I don't know what they'll say, I'm sure. With a *gorgio* girl, too. I feel ashamed," she said, and it was not the first time she had used the expression in talking of her son.

The story ran from tent to tent and wagons pulled in from many miles away. Young Manful Woods who'd been left with the house-dwellers when he was a *chavo* had become a great dancer and rich as the King of England. That was him in that film some of the young ones had seen.

Now he was coming to visit Ferdy and Angelia and to have his picture taken with them for the newspapers to show he was a Romanichal.

There was soon one of the biggest gatherings of travelling people ever seen in those parts.

WHEN the two cars drew up only the children showed any outward excitement though the little group which came forward on foot was watched by hundreds of dark eyes from behind the blinds of wagon windows, from between the tent flaps or obliquely when men and women were sprawling on the ground. Manful himself led them and marched straight to the corner of the field in which the Woods had always put up.

Everyone could see his elegant grey suit and brown hat and everyone could admire the beautiful young woman who walked beside him while a group of six or eight men followed.

He seized Angelia and as he kissed her the cameras clicked. He shook hands with his father and they clicked again.

He stood talking to them, questioning them about his sisters, and more photographs were taken. Then he started to make a tour of the field, greeting old friends, patting dogs, holding babies, giving money to children, smiling in his charmingly apologetic way, while all the time he was followed and photographed.

One of the men who had come with him tried to ask questions of Ferdy and Angelia but got very little information.

"Is this the caravan he was born in?" the man demanded.

"He was born in a tent," said Ferdy. Then, the ghost of an old pride reawakening, he added: "I had the doctor for her, too."

AT last Manful's companions, all but the "young lady," were sent down to the village to wait for him and he and his fiancée were alone with Angelia and Ferdy. The interview was not very successful, though. Angelia seemed unable to recognize, except as a matter of dull fact, that the polite and splendid young stranger was her son and it was as much as Ferdy could do not to call him "sir." They spoke more easily to the "young lady" than to him; she at least was of a kind they knew—the daughter of rich and educated house-dwellers. Angelia made tea for them and Ferdy at Manful's request scraped a tune from his fiddle. But there was no welcome to a prodigal in the occasion.

One of the men who had come with them, it appeared, was a manager; between him and Manful was a relationship which Angelia and Ferdy could not understand. There was so much they could not understand, though, that soon they seemed to be talking to two of the inquisitive strangers who from time to time approached the gipsy tents.

But when "opening time" approached and most of the men from the wagons were preparing to set out for the inn, one of them—old Dave Lovell it was, noted Angelia—gave a shout for Manful, which was taken up by others. Smiling, the young man stood up and spoke to the girl beside him.

"Darling, I must go down to the local with them and buy them a few drinks," he explained.

"Of course, darling. I'll come with you."

Manful smiled.

"Life in the raw," he said. "You would do better to stay here."

"I'd like to come."

SO Manful drove her in his great car with Angelia and Ferdy down to the Royal Oak and stood at the bar buying drinks for everyone while the man he called his manager watched and the cameras started giving white flashes over their heads. The bar grew crowded, the yard was full of light carts and ponies and the road for yards around was crawling with children of all ages.

Then, inevitably, came the shouted invitation.

"Come on, Manful. Let's have a dance!"

The manager shook his head, the "young lady" said, "No, Maurice!" and Angelia, with fearful memories of the theatre, said, "Kek, Manful. Kek, my son." But already the crowd was moving into the great back room of the inn, the room in which public dances were held and sixty couples could take the floor.

Manful looked round at the bristly and weatherbeaten faces, the dark keen eyes of his people. He saw the mops of undisciplined hair of the young boys, the powderless, shining cheeks of the girls, the grizzled old men and the pitifully eager look on the faces of the older women.

"Just for a minute," he said and followed them through to the big room.

Then Manful danced. At first it was the tap-dance of his childhood; he was the gay little flibberty-gibbet with the loose knees like a puppet's and the flickering feet. They beat time and a strange music grew of mouth organ, accordion and violin, an almost tuneless marking of time to aid him.

"Go it, my Manful!" they shouted. "Show 'em the way, boy! Let 'em have it!"

Manful Dancing

THE spectators, crowded round the walls, were warming up with him as Manful seemed to go further from reality. Their shouts of encouragement were like war-cries, their hands and bodies were dominated by the rhythm they were marking so that they stooped and wriggled and shouted as they watched Manful.

The atmosphere grew hot and the stench of their warm bodies and old clothes pungent and beastly. But they were transported as Manful was from the present, from reality; like him they were possessed.

He danced away from his surroundings, he danced across Europe and back to Asia where his race was bred. He danced through their cruel and bloodstained history, the hangings and torments, the starvation and the never-ceasing, never-easing lust which animated them. He danced through time to the King's court and the dark brothel; he made the savage cavalcades travel westward again, boasting and begging, fearful and feared, as of old.

He was the eternal coppersmith, woodcarver, horseman; he was the humorous liar, the endearing cheat; he was the old woman who knew the future and the young woman deceiving and enchanting the house-dweller. He danced their triumphs and unholy victories over law and civilization; their understanding of all growing and natural things, of the moon, stars, trees, birds and beasts. He danced their love and knowledge of darkness and their comradeship with the moon.

His body was exquisitely controlled—but by what, they might have asked? By what demon or demiurge were its wonderful convolutions inspired?

Manful had thrown away his jacket and wore a loose shirt and wide trousers, but it might have been a chosen costume or no costume at all so irrelevant had it become to the devil's body that was in it. Now he stretched upward in an arc which seemed to overtop mankind, a crescent in which he curved away from them in huge disdain; now he was ferine and ravenous, now a gay lover, now a prince of jugglers. He knew no more of himself or of them, of place or time. He was possessed.

WHATEVER controlled him ruled them, too, for it seemed that he obeyed the rhythm they gave him rather than demanded that they should follow him. They became impassioned with him, staid men and women whooping and leaping like children, trying to imitate him and shouting more and more wildly their meaningless words of encouragement.

For he had danced further than he knew, across a bridge so wide that few had crossed it; he had danced his way back from his remote life of house dwelling, of commerce, of conscious art, into the wild hearts of his own people. He had danced his way home.

"Give it to 'em, Manful!" shouted Ferdy, his father, who had once tried to forget him. "That's the boy!" And Ferdy shouldered his way forward, asserting his proud right. He watched no *gorgio* moosh, tripping and tittuping in a ballroom, but the son he had begotten, the son he had meant Manful to be, the "masterful begger," the enchanting knave, the fighting scallywag that he had wanted for a son since Aunt Homey, skilled as a midwife, had come from Angelia's tent to tell him the baby was a boy.

As for Angelia—for the first time in thirty years or more she was crying, not with shame now but in deep and happy pride. She had forgotten the *gorgios* who had brought her son here, the girl, the manager, the motor-cars, the cameras. He was hers now, as he had never been as a little boy, a gipsy who had come back to the wood-fire.

Now Manful leapt as Angelia had seen him on the stage and it was as though he were held aloft by some power in his feet. Now he was the gipsy triumphant, all house-dwellers outwitted, all enemies vanquished by cunning or strength.

Now the wild gipsy boy, laughing and love-making, threadbare and lean but rich in his

own rude health and gusto. Now he was the furtive night-prowler, the poacher, the pilferer, to whom even the moon was an enemy as he went on catlike silent feet.

Again he was the tavern roisterer, the liquor-loving savage who would fight his own brother for a "dare." He was the lonely primitive, the only outsider of our times, the prairie-dog who must face the elements with nothing but his own resolve and quick instincts and crude strength. Always he was the spirit of his race, violent, wolfish, lewd, a hound hungering, an animal untamed.

"He *must* be stopped!" cried the manager. "It's a disgusting display. He'll be useless for a week after this!"

But still their demoniac voices shouted: "Go it, my Manful!" "Give it to 'em, chav!" and still the dance went on.

THEN suddenly Angelia saw the *gorgio* girl, the "young lady," and knew that she was afraid. Her face was white and although she did not speak or tremble, Angelia knew fear when she saw it. With a triumphant grin which showed the gaps in her teeth, she turned to the girl.

"Well, my *rakli*, how do you like him now? A real Romanichal—he's my son, you know. It isn't in the theatre he's dancing tonight, to show himself to all the pretty people. He's my Manful!"

The girl tried to answer. All she said was, "Don't!"

"Ah, but he is!" gloated Angelia, "and always will be, whatever you *gorgios* have done to him. Look at his people round him! Don't they know it? That's a gipsy dancing, my girl, a true, black gipsy and he'll never be no different!"

Ferdy, unconscious of his wife, was shouting: "Show 'em, my Manful! Show 'em how it's done!"

The crowd reeled and yelled and the stench and noise grew intolerable.

The girl did not look at Angelia's triumphant face but pushed her way to the door and almost fell into the open air. Angelia laughed long and harshly.

AT last, when it seemed that Manful must be defeated by exhaustion, though his movements had lost no spontaneity, the manager thought of a way to break that tireless rhythm.

He moved to the switches by the door and turned off all the lights. The confusion, he knew, might be dangerous and after ten seconds or so he reilluminated the great room.

But it was long enough. The fearful continuity of action, threatening to harm the very limbs which were its medium, once broken could not be resumed. Manful slumped and looked childishly guilty, and was led, a limp, tired boy from the room.

Angelia followed him and although she offered no comfort or gratitude or sign of love to her son, she stood over him with a threatening air of ownership as though she dared anyone, *gorgio* or housedweller, to come nearer than she was.

They took him away. With quick handshakes and goodbyes, no less embarrassed than his greetings had been, he left his father and mother and his own people and climbed into the car to be driven away. Angelia watched and saw the girl's face—still taut and white, near Manful's tired and guilty face. Perhaps the girl would forgive him. Perhaps they would marry and have half-caste brats as Angelia had feared.

It did not matter. She knew now he was hers and would be while he lived.

She walked with Ferdy back to their wagons. She wanted to say something to express what they both were feeling. She knew that Ferdy also could find no words. It was only as they were nearing the embers of their fire, red in the misty evening, that Angelia spoke. "He's your son," she said.

END

Where The Sun Shines

(*Continued from page 25*)

Spain has come to the fore in the last year or two as a holiday centre with the important attraction of very favourable exchange rates to the English tourist.

Lovely Malagà offers brilliant winter sunshine and temperatures that we should like to be sure of in England even during the summer. The Malagà coast is extremely picturesque. Torremolinos, as an instance, offers sea bathing at this season and lies within reach of many places of interest.

A little later, for those who contemplate an Easter holiday, there are the Holy Week processions to enrich the natural beauties of the countryside with fantastic colour.

Luxury hotels cost around thirty shillings a day with full *pension*; first-class *pension* accommodation can be as low as fourteen and six a day.

Then there is the whole of sunny Portugal awaiting the winter tourist.

Travelling by sea a holiday of fifteen days with nine days at the chosen resort, costs under forty-five pounds inclusive. Flying there and back gives you the same holiday with more of it on the spot for just over seventy-five pounds.

North Africa sounds luxurious and remote, but it may surprise you to know that the blazing sunshine of Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco, with all their exotic attractions, is accessible for short holidays at a reasonable cost. An eleven-day visit to one of these places can cost under £65 including fare and hotel. (*Continued on page 54*)

The delicate balance of a baby's system is one of the most sensitive things. When some minor upset disturbs the little tummy, only the very gentlest of help is needed. Keep baby's tummy peaceful with 'Milk of Magnesia'* —it so sweetly and gently does it.

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The luckier people who have more time—six weeks is about the minimum—and a more flexible budget to work on should consider the claims of South Africa. With a few months to spend one can travel the Union and find new and wonderful interests in every province, but speaking at the more practical level a six-week spell makes it possible to spend a fortnight in Cape Town with two weeks sea travel at either end. The whole trip costs a little less than two hundred pounds.

The Cape countryside ranks with the loveliest in the world and includes spectacular mountain scenery, sun-drenched vineyards, extensive orchards and the Dutch style homesteads which give their own picturesque character to the landscape. The soft climate of the Cape is too well known to need reiteration.

The South African Travel Bureau will arrange all hotel and travel facilities and for individual requirements without extra charge.

Finally, whether you include yourself among the luxury travellers or just like to dream, glance through the window at our grey winter skies and then picture yourself

Where The Sun Shines

setting off for a thousand-mile trip up the Amazon. All you need is about seven weeks of leisure and two hundred and seventy pounds for a single berth cabin and there is the mysterious Amazon awaiting you. There the tropic splendour of the jungle is on either side as you sail in your mobile hotel into a world of no winter.

Seven weeks and two hundred and seventy pounds. It's so little to see so much!

END

The Perfect Murder

(*Continued from page 37*)

remembering those wonderful lines: 'I am dying, Egypt, dying.'"

"Arthur, don't," his wife cried out sharply.

"My dear, did I startle you?" he asked solicitously. "I assure you, if you took it personally, I have no intention of dying just yet. '*Au contraire,*' as the French say."

"No one's going to die," his wife muttered. "No one."

"No one," agreed Chisholm slowly and deliberately. "Or shall we say—everyone? Getting a bit morbid, aren't we? To change the subject, I'm merely bound for the very commonplace destination of Kenya. I was just showing Mrs. Brendon my steamship ticket. We sail the day after to-morrow."

He produced the ticket as he spoke. Brendon glanced at it with interest.

"The Hageen Two?" he said questioningly. "Not one of the regular liners, is she?"

"No, cargo boat. But she carries a few passengers, she's comfortable and I know the captain."

"Sails from Glasgow," Brendon remarked as he handed back the ticket. "Good way from here."

"I'm driving most of the way. Leaving the car in Durham and going on by train."

"A long drive." Brendon said. "A long drive."

Mrs. Brendon spoke suddenly.

"Too long, give it up," she said. "Give up the whole idea."

CHISHOLM did not answer. He was staring at the wood fire as though nothing else existed. Brendon waited. The silence in the room was unbroken save for the crackling of the fire. A half-burned log fell on the hearth and sent up a shower of sparks. Brendon stooped to pick it up. Chisholm said across his back:

"It's too late."

"There," said Brendon, triumphantly fixing the rebellious log in position. "What's too late? Oh, to change your plans?"

"It's never too late to change a plan," Mrs. Brendon said. "I often do."

"'*Souvent femme varié,*'" smiled Brendon.

"I don't, late or early, I never change," Chisholm said. "I never change in any way once my mind's made up."

"Very nice, too," said Brendon.

"It's late, I must be going," Chisholm said, getting to his feet. Brendon yawned.

"Well, I must say I feel ready for bed," he remarked. "To-night I shall sleep well. My dear, what is the matter?"

SHE had started so violently she had knocked over her empty glass and it had broken in falling.

"I'm so sorry," she said, stooping to pick up the broken pieces.

Chisholm stooped, too. To help her. Their heads were close together. She whispered:

"Give it up. He suspects."

Chisholm made no answer. But she saw how he looked and she knew that she was trembling. Brendon said: "You're cold, my dear. The fire's getting low."

"Hint to me to buzz off," said Chisholm with the first touch of gaiety he had shown.

"Now you'll have to take another drink," declared Brendon genially, "just to show it wasn't that at all." He poured it out. "And while you're drinking it, I'll have a look at the back premises. The maids are a bit careless about locking up and with so many robberies and burglaries reported—"

"Chiefly cars from garages, aren't they?" Chisholm asked. "I've had a new patent lock put on mine. Jolly ingenious. You ought to have that aged padlock of yours changed, Brendon."

"I will," Brendon answered. "You must show me your new lock sometime."

"Not now, not now," Mrs. Brendon interrupted sharply.

"No one was meaning now," Brendon told her. "Any time will do. Excuse me a minute. I want to be sure that pantry window's shut while I'm thinking of it."

He bustled out of the room. Mrs. Brendon said hurriedly:

"Andy, give it up. He suspects."

"Not he, how could he?" Chisholm answered in the same swift, low tone.

"Perhaps he heard us . . . that day . . . when we talked . . . when you said. . . ."

"Not he, and if he did, all the more reason for going on," Chisholm told her and then added: "He's no idea, he can't have, we've been too careful."

"He said: 'I am dying, Egypt, dying.' He said: 'I shall sleep well to-night.'"

"He was only talking, it meant nothing," Chisholm repeated. "He likes talking. Besides, I showed him my steamer ticket. Just in case."

Mrs. Brendon was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"Will they give you your money back?"

He looked at her in astonishment.

He said: "I don't know. I didn't ask."

BRENDON put his chubby, smiling face round the edge of the half open door.

"Just as I thought," he complained. "Pantry window wide open, and I suppose Lottie won't dare say a word about it for fear of getting cook's notice on the spot."

Chisholm took a polite leave, saying how much he had enjoyed the evening. Brendon shut the door behind him and came back into the drawing-room.

"Well, that's that," he said cheerfully. "Who's this, though?"

There had sounded a gentle tapping at the door. Mrs. Brendon put up a restraining hand. Brendon said:

"I believe it's Chisholm back."

He went to the door. Chisholm was there. He said:

"There's a light in your garage. I thought I would tell you. Have you left a light on?"

"I'll go and see," Brendon said.

He went out quickly, joining Chisholm. The door closed behind them. Mrs. Brendon waited. She could hear the sound of the steps of the two men as they hurried away. She could hear their voices. She waited still, waited interminably. If all went well . . . if what went well? It must go well. Rigid in every muscle and nerve, she waited. How silent it all was. How quiet! Was it always so quiet? Ah, God—she stopped abruptly her hand over her mouth. That was a word forbidden now for ever to her lips.

THERE was a sudden clear vision before her eyes. She saw herself and Chisholm sitting side by side in the summer in the garden. They had grown accustomed to using their two gardens almost as a joint possession. Chisholm had shown her a newspaper cutting. It told of an inquest on a man found dead in his garage from carbon monoxide poisoning. Apparently he had been working on his car and had left the engine running. The door, heavier than usual and close fitting—the door of their garage was heavy and close fitting, too—had apparently banged to and the victim had either not noticed or not realized the danger. In the morning he had been found dead.

"What a dreadful accident," she remembered saying.

"It might have been suicide," Chisholm had answered. "It might even have been—a necessity."

Startled she had cried out something about that not being possible, since even then she knew what other and uglier word had been veiled by the word "necessity."

"Possible enough," he had answered. "Get a fellow where you want him. Knock him out with a sandbag. There's nothing to show. Shove him in the garage. Start the engine running. Shut the door."

AFTER saying that he had got up and walked away nor had they ever referred to the subject again. Never. All the same she had known. He had told her it would not be long. He had not said what "it" was but she knew all the same. When she asked him, he made no reply. A silent man. Andy Chisholm, and one used to keep his own counsel, but all the same—she knew. Knew as a woman knows.

Her eyes turned slowly to the clock. Twenty minutes. Twenty hours. Twenty years rather. Or was this eternity and would she be for ever waiting thus, without change or alteration?

She heard the door open softly, a step in the hall, a solitary step. It was over then, all over. One way or another. One had come back.

The door opened and Brendon came slowly in.

"Time for bed," he said.

He did not seem to notice her strained, stiff attitude. He did not seem to notice how through her parted lips the name breathed itself with difficulty, he did not seem to notice that this time she used, as he had never heard her do before, the Christian name:

"Andy?"

"Playing about with his car," Brendon answered. "False alarm about our garage. No one there. So he said he would run his engine a bit to make sure everything was O.K. for the long trip he is making—a long trip indeed. I hope he remembers to fix the door so it won't bang to with this wind. I thought he seemed a bit low spirited to-night. Queer, moody, sensitive chap. Sort of fellow a hopeless love might make commit suicide." He took something from his pocket. She recognized it. A long, thin bag filled with sand. "I must get rid of that," he said. "Well, what about bed? I think we shall all sleep well to-night."

END

Tailored Jacket

(*Continued from page* 39)

SLEEVES.—Cast on 16 sts. Work in patt., casting on 2 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 46 sts.; then cast on 1 st. at beg. of every row until there are 62 sts.

Work 1 row without inc., then inc. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Rep. last 3 rows five times (74 sts.).

Work 1 row, then cast on 1 st. at beg. of next 4 rows (78 sts.).

Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next and every other row, at the same time casting on 1 st. at other end of work on every other row (make sure the 2 cast-on sts. are always at the same end of work) until there are 100 sts.

Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next row (the 2 cast-on sts. end); 1 st. at beg. of next row; 4 sts. at beg. of next, and 1 st. at beg. of next row (110 sts.).

Work 1 row, then dec. at both ends of every other row 3 times (104 sts.); every 4th row 8 times (88 sts.); every 6th row 7 times (74 sts.); every 8th row 3 times (68 sts.); every 12th row twice (64 sts.).

Work 3 ins.

Next row.—Patt. 32, cast on 5 (leave other 32 sts. on spare needle), turn, work on these 37 sts. for 2½ ins.

Cast off. Join wool to other 32 sts. in middle of work, cast on 5 sts., work in patt. for 2½ ins. Cast off.

Both sleeves are worked alike, but one must be reversed before seaming up, to get a right and a left sleeve. The rounded part goes to back of coat, the deeper "scoop" to front.

TO MAKE UP.—Be careful not to stretch seams when joining. All seams are joined with a back st., ¼ in. down, unless otherwise stated. Join the shoulder and front darts, the back and side and sleeve seams. Join back to front (shoulder seam from sleeve edge measures 5 ins.). Pin in sleeves, putting sleeve seam 1½ ins. towards front, from the coat side seam. Do not stretch sleeve top, run a piece of wool around 3 ins. of top to adjust slight fulness, if necessary. Sew seam. Join strips of fronts to form collar, flatten seam. Oversew, on wrong side, one edge to jacket back. Fold back 12 sts. on both fronts and hem down to make facing. *Note.* Facing is wider than 12 sts. at top, where it forms the collar. Slip stitch the under part of collar, to jacket back. Run wool through buttonholes to join the edges. Sew on buttons, matching buttonholes. Sew a button on each cuff, joining the two flaps together.

Evening Sweater

TO MAKE UP.—Sew up side seam. Sew on yoke on wrong side, leaving 8 ins. space at sides for shoulders. Turn yoke over to right side and sew sequins on every peak, and work 2 rows double crochet in silver thread, first row on right side, second row on wrong side. Thread roll elastic in bodkin and stitch through top of yoke on wrong side.

END

Who Laughs Is Lost

(*Continued from page* 28)

romance into it; so we've never had the tale to rights. But cutting off the frills I work it out like this: When Mum married Pop her folks were not enthusiastic. Pop was kindly, happy-go-lucky, with a boyish kind of charm. There wasn't anything else in his favour, unless you started a negative string of virtues such as he wasn't a dope fiend, a bigamist, an escaped convict, and so on. But I think Mum must have been very happy with him, because she produced four children who were full of fun.

Meg, the first to arrive, was not like the rest of us. She was like Mum. I came a few years after Meg. Then there was another gap before Barney and Jill were born. The three of us had coppery-red hair and freckled skin, like Pop—and his disposition. Jill claims she's different because—according to her—she has bronze hair; and to get the sensational green eyes that go with it she's for ever dipping her face into rock pools, where the water seems to be made of liquid emerald. It's a fool idea, of course; but she believes in it.

WHEN Mum died she asked Pop to do everything he could for Meg, to give her a chance. You see, Mum knew Meg was different from us. Pop promised, and he used the money Mum had invested specially, and everything else he could scrape together to give Meg the right start. She went to a good school, and spent her holidays with friends who were way above us on the social ladder. And sometimes she visited Mum's family, who wouldn't have a thing to do with us. So we saw very little of Meg, and even this little came to an end when Pop arranged for her to finish her education in Paris.

I suppose we sank a bit lower and a bit lower. Not that we noticed it particularly. We were happy. I was old enough now to realize the bungalow was little more than a glorified shack, and tumble-down at that. But I wasn't grumbling. Barney and Jill wouldn't see it critically for some years. In the meantime it was heaven to them; they wanted nothing better.

Pop had been happy, too. He was always dreaming about doing something to make a fortune. Once it had been a novel. The first three chapters were still tucked away somewhere. And he'd been going to start a beach hotel, adding to (*Continued on page* 56)

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t as the money rolled in. The plans were rolled up at the back of a drawer. "Something else will come along," he said cheerfully as the rosy glow of that project faded.

Sitting next to me on the veranda, he shuffled a bit. He'd spilled some tea in his saucer, and leaned forward so he could pour it on the sand. Then he sighed.

"Meg coming to *this* place," he said.

"There's no time to move," I said. I didn't add: "Even if we had the money." I wasn't going to make it any harder for him.

HE finished his tea and set the cup down. "If I could think of something," he murmured.

"We might smarten up a bit," I suggested. "A sort of spring-cleaning. And you'd be surprised what a difference a coat of paint would make."

Pop nodded. He opened his mouth to speak. Then closed it again.

"Suppose we pretend this is just a summer place," I suggested.

"Can you imagine Barney and Jill dropping a load of bricks in the middle of any fancy tale we pitched?" Pop asked, and I had to agree with him. I could; only too well.

"Then we've no alternative, Pop. We must make the best of what we've got."

Pop pushed an exploring hand into his pocket. He found some coins to jingle but they didn't make very brave music.

"It's like that, is it?" I asked.

"There's the investment your mother left—just to make sure you kids always had something to eat," he said miserably. "But the dividend cheque doesn't come in until next month. And there's nothing we can do about it; the capital can't be touched until the youngest of you is eighteen."

"That's quite a while to wait. Listen Pop—I'd best take a walk to the village. Maybe there's some job I could do for Sam Livesey. Even a few shillings. . . ."

"Would you do that?" Pop asked eagerly. Then the flash of enthusiasm went. "I'm not going to lean on your shoulders, Mick. Help if you wish, and I'll be grateful. But it's up to me. I must earn something."

"How are you going to do that? There aren't many jobs around. It's a bad time. People don't mind giving a boy a few bob for lending a hand with something or other—but you'd have to be paid a real wage. It's no good, Pop."

I CONGRATULATED myself that wasn't bad for the spur of the moment. Nobody would employ Pop. People liked him; but they all knew him too well. He was born without a sense of time. He wasn't particularly good at anything, either—except, as I've said, at being a lovable character.

Pop sat there nodding his head. Then he said: "I suppose it would be hard to find somebody who'd give *me* a job." The way he said it tore me up inside. He stood up and squared his shoulders. "But there *is* something. Well—it's a job of sorts, I suppose."

I looked up at him, eyes narrowed. "Just what sort of a job?" I asked. There were some ugly suspicions crowding at the back of my mind.

He looked sheepish. "That artist chap—John Andrews—the fellow who wears a checked shirt and greenish trousers. . . ."

"He stopped me only the other day. He suggested . . ." Reluctance put the brakes on Pop's voice. "He suggested I should sit for him. He said I'd make the perfect model. Offered me money. . . ."

"That shouldn't be hard," I encouraged. "I've noticed you can sit still for ages, looking at the sea."

A rumble came into Pop's voice. "But you haven't seen me sitting in just a strip of sheepskin, playing a harp contraption!" He groaned. "What would my old pals at the Green Dolphin say if they knew?

"It was a midget sheep that skin covered," Pop told me ruefully. "But if John Andrews says nothing, and you keep mum, maybe they'll never know down at the Green Dolphin. I'll be getting along to that shack he's converted into a studio." He stretched himself. Then he looked down at me. "Orpheus playing his lyre. According to the Greeks he could even charm wild beasts."

We did, we really did, work wonders. True, home was still a bungalow's poor relation; but it was clean, there was bright new paint, and the floors were stained. We replaced some breakages, and stocked the larder. There was Pop's money for being painted in the sheepskin, and some extra for helping John Andrews with odd jobs. What did worry us was the thought that Meg might have developed fancy tastes. If she wanted to be taken to the nearest town and entertained like royalty, we were going to be in a nasty spot.

Within a few minutes of Meg's arrival we discovered we needn't have worried. She loved the bungalow, and exclaimed that our beach was heavenly. And she wasn't pretending. So everything should have been as perfect as a summer's day. It wasn't. The wrongness was indefinable. She was the Meg of our memories; but she was different as well, and we couldn't be at ease with her.

She was dark and slender, and of a neatness beyond our capacities. Walking along the beach with her one day, painfully conscious of my clumsy build, the thought came to me that we hadn't been so wrong in those old fairy stories.

I was quiet, and Meg must have thought me a dull dog; but I couldn't rid myself of the notion there was a barrier between her and the rest of us.

But then Jill came running to us, and suddenly stopped, staring at Meg. She whispered: "I wasn't going to say it—but—you're beautiful!"

Very gently Meg put a slender hand on Jill's thick masses of hair. "What about you? A bronze head; and—let me look—yes, green glints in your eyes!"

Of course, from that moment Jill was Meg's slave. I left them together and went back to Pop. I told him, and I didn't try to hide my disgust. "It seems to me women are all alike. Bronze hair and green eyes! Meg's no right to put ideas into the kid's head."

I looked along the beach. There was a frolic of a breeze curling Meg's flimsy dress around her. "You think Meg's just a kid?" I said to Pop.

"Of course," he grunted. I wished he'd turn round and take a look; though you can never rely on Pop to notice things. Instead, he went inside, muttering: "Of course she's just a kid." I wondered if he was trying to persuade himself; then I decided he wasn't.

ONE would expect an artist's eyes to be good. So when I spotted Meg walking the beach with John Andrews I wasn't surprised. I wondered if he regarded Meg as Pop did. And that made me laugh. I also wondered what Pop would say; because they weren't being furtive about strolling side by side. For my part, I was glad. John Andrews was rather the way I wanted to be in a few years time—only I knew I hadn't a hope.

Pop didn't say anything; but I could see by his preoccupation he was a bit worried. I put it down to having to revise his ideas about Meg growing up; but I was wrong. He came out with it one morning as we were coming back from a swim.

"I hope John Andrews doesn't tell Meg about that picture," he said suddenly. "Still, he did promise not to talk—and I'd put him down as a man of his word."

I didn't mean it rudely when I grunted. It was the only thing I could do. The previous afternoon I'd come upon Meg and John over by the rock pools and from the expression on his face as he looked at Meg I reckoned he was in a state to blurt anything out.

It seemed he didn't, though; because Meg said nothing. And after Pop had mentioned his anxiety to me, he appeared to forget all about it. If I'd helped him do this I must have grunted a heap better than I'd imagined. After this, things began, very slowly and gently, to change around the bungalow. We seemed to get along easier with Meg; though that may have been because John was so often there.

We had fun, too. Lots of it. It was like the best of the old times with something added. At the back of my mind I'd the thought that Pop was in for a surprise. But, mostly, I managed to forget this, and it was good to see him looking so happy. He drifted into a comfortable untidiness which proved how contented he felt. Barney and Jill took every advantage. Trust them. According to all the books written by people who know how to bring up youngsters, they should have been pale faced and shadowy eyed from lack of sleep. Not a bit of it. They thrived on late hours. They ate like young puppies and had enough energy to wear out wild horses.

As for Meg. . . . Well I was helping her wash up one day, and the words slipped out before I knew I was saying them. "We used to think of you as the sort of princess of the family. An' you looked it too. But you're changing."

She turned at that, the soapsuds clinging to her slender fingers. "I looked it," she said slowly. Then there was a rush of words. "Didn't you realize I felt pretty bad about things? All the time I was having the best that could be given in the way of education, you others were just managing. It wasn't fair. A princess! When I came home and realized it all I felt more like a selfish pig!"

"It wasn't your fault," I said quickly. "Those things were fixed up. Pop was doing as Mum had told him, and she'd left money for it to be done her way. And Mum was right. I can remember her better than Jill and Barney do. Mum was a clever woman. You take after her. There's never been anything clever about Pop. And we take after *him*. Could you imagine me at college?"

She laughed a little. "Wait, Mick. When I'd been here a little while I knew that wasn't so. You see—I've missed so much."

I stared at her. "What have you missed?"

"The things you do every day. The things you take for granted. Being natural. I've heard more laughter here than I've ever known anywhere else."

PERHAPS our talk gave her more encouragement than I'd intended. I was carried away a bit, understanding her better now and tumbling to it that I liked her a lot. So it could be I was partly to blame for the whirlwind that hit the bungalow that very evening.

It started peacefully enough. Meg had been out during the afternoon, and was back for a late tea. It was the usual noisy business, with a scramble for the cakes and Barney and Jill darting all over the place instead of sitting politely on their chairs. Pop had mislaid his glasses again and only just missed dipping his pipe in the jam, thinking it was the tobacco jar. While we were all laughing I looked at Meg. Such a sparkle there was in her eyes, and she'd more colour, as if the sun had been flirting with her cheeks all afternoon. Even though she was my sister I realized she was bewitchingly lovely.

Pop enjoyed the joke against himself. He filled his pipe—from the right jar—and leaned back, smoking contentedly. He'd the appearance of the happiest man in the world.

Meg glanced at me. A questioning sort of glance I didn't understand; but I grinned and nodded encouragement. She straightened a little in her chair.

"Pop," she said, "John's coming in later."

Pop took the pipe from his mouth. "Is he? Good. He's a nice fellow. Surprised me how well he fitted when he started to drop in." He smiled. "Some folks wouldn't exactly appreciate us, you know."

"John does," Meg said softly. "Pop! He wants to see you alone. . . ."

I caught my breath. I'd been a bit slow, hadn't I? The sun flirting with her cheeks, indeed! And what about those sparkling eyes? I took a quick look at Pop. No, it hadn't dawned on him. He was merely looking puzzled.

"Why should he want to see me alone?" he asked. Then his pipe went out and he started fumbling for matches.

"Pop," said Meg, in a very quiet voice which somehow seemed to fill the room. "He's going to ask you about me. You see . . . we're . . . we're in love and. . . ."

Pop's pipe dropped from his mouth. He

looked as though he'd been hit from behind with a hammer. Meg turned towards me. I thought I read an appeal, and I remembered my promise. I said as brightly as I could: "That's fine. It's the sort of thing that happens, Pop, isn't it? You and Mum, I mean."

Pop didn't hear me. He stared at Meg. "John Andrews!" he cried. "Girl, don't you realize we've done all we could to give you an education, to push you as high up the ladder as possible?"

"It's quite useful for an artist's wife to be well educated," Meg murmured. Her eyes twinkled.

Pop turned and pointed to a battered copy of *Who's Who*, which had somehow found a place in the bungalow. Mostly we used it to stand the lamp on. "Hundreds and hundreds of people in there!" he shouted. "Plenty of 'em have children. Surely among those hundreds of children you could find somebody. . . ."

Meg shook her head. "Not if John isn't there," she announced firmly.

Pop banged a fist on the table. "Then I can tell you I'm not giving permission. You're not twenty yet. I'm packing you off to finish your education. And I'm telling John Andrews he's having nothing more to do with you!"

I'd never seen Pop angry before. I could understand the way he felt, knowing how hard it had been at times to provide the extras for Meg which Mum's money couldn't cover in these expensive days. But I thought he was being a bit too heavy about things. I said: "Mum wasn't twenty when she married you, was she, Pop?"

He glared at me and told me to keep out of it.

Meg stood up. "I'm sorry you're taking it hard, Pop," she said. "I want your permission—and I want it badly. So badly that if I don't get it I'm going to sell a picture to Samuel Watson, who keeps the Green Dolphin."

"A picture!" Pop gasped. Then the colour started to come up in his face.

"You know what picture it is," Meg said calmly.

Who Laughs Is Lost

"This is blackmail!" Pop bawled. "What would your mother think of you? She'd never blackmail anybody to get her own way!"

Meg suddenly laughed. "But you would, Pop. And there's some of you in me. When I stay out in the sun for long I get freckles on my nose."

Pop pushed his chair back. His body started to quiver. It was a sort of convulsion way down under the shabby leather belt supporting his drill trousers. Then it increased in waves. . . .

"If you can make him laugh you've won!" I cried to Meg. But she couldn't hear me. Pop's arms were flapping at his sides. His head was flung back and his mouth was wide open.

And when John came in we were all laughing. He looked at us, bewildered. Then, being a sensible chap, he did the only thing possible. He joined in.

END

How The Atom Heals (*Continued from page 47*)

and spleen, and its radio-activity depresses their abnormal rate of red cell production. It was first used for this disease by Professor J. H. Lawrence of Berkeley, California, in 1936.

P.32 has been tried in cases of leukaemia, a similar disease affecting the white blood cells, but it has proved not to have any advantage over the ordinary X-ray treatment. P.32 may be used for external application, in the form of blotting paper saturated with a solution containing the isotope, sealed in Cellophane and strapped to the skin, for treating some types of naevi (birthmarks) in children.

The iodine isotope is much used for the treatment of various types of goitre; for the somewhat rare cancer of this gland; and for the localization of brain tumours which take up a dye containing the isotope if this is injected into a vein. For treating goitres and cancer of the thyroid, the isotope is given by mouth.

A gold isotope is used for the treatment of certain cases of cancer either too advanced or so situated that surgery or ordinary deep X-rays are impracticable. Though cure cannot always be hoped for in these cases pain is greatly diminished.

A cobalt isotope, Co.60, is being increasingly used as a cheap and effective substitute for radium. It does not emit such powerful rays as radium, so it can be sealed inside thin metal tubes which are then inserted by the surgeon into cancerous tissues.

There are now well over 500 isotopes, and the uses of many of these have not by any means been explored, so we may see still more of them being applied to medical research and healing in the near future.

Already our scientists' investigations into the mysterious powers of the atom have yielded results just as miraculous as those the alchemists hoped for, long ago, from the Philosopher's Stone.

END

This Shameful Age (*Continued from page 9*)

war" when the characterization first gained wide currency over here in 1939. But "phoney" it irrevocably is now, and one of the most used bits of slang at that. In fact, the vast currency which "phoney" has earned should put one on guard against over-attribution of it to the passing show.

If you run the whole battery of female make-up, beautification and upholstering in review, I think you will have to agree that ne'er has woman sailed under such false colours, as those primarily handed on by artificial film lovelies. Perhaps the seal was set on things when thirty bathing beauties, Fleetwood finalists, were examined for artificial figure aids before the parade. How did they secrete them in the attenuated circumstances? I only recount that some did, and were disqualified, and quote:

"Girls often pad out their costumes, and some of them go to a great deal of trouble to do it. In one recent contest a girl was found to have a piece of plywood inside her costume to keep her tummy flat."

I seldom look at a newspaper without being confronted by some individual wearing the broadest of grins, positively bursting with the joy of life; or else it is a group whose radiant dials betoken entire agreement with Robert Browning as to the relative states of God and the universe. Glancing at the caption, I then find that the individual drove off in someone else's car and finished in a particularly wanton road accident, or, in the case of the group, that a stage company has disbanded after a one-night run.

Why the smashing grin? Because the cameraman calls for it, of course! Because these people snatch at the opportunity of *personal publicity*, of edging into the limelight for a moment. Fancy a picture of somebody drawing a long face. Unthinkable, altogether too morbid (too close to life, too).

This perpetual grinning all over the face without rhyme or reason—and they all do it, from public bigwigs down—combines to suggest a condition of popular if not national happiness and contentment which is quite at variance with the common run of current experience; in other words, is phoney in a high degree.

The ready-to-order broad grin has spread over frontiers and has become a highly valued prop in partisan politics. To see it at its most efficacious, one must visit a totalitarian land. There, a whole people is invoked to hold joy days, when they grin like dogs over their labouring as the camera focuses on them. And don't imagine it can't happen here. Read on.

"The 20,000 inhabitants of the Manchester suburb of Levenshulme have got to be happy for seven days a year. As their first 'Happiness Week' ended with a mile-long procession of decorated vehicles, the people were told it is to become an annual event. According to one of the organizers, they had to 'laugh and be happy—like it or not.'"

BOTH accents and vocabularies are phonier than in the lifetime of the oldest inhabitant. Imitating an American accent is inseparable from one form of entertainment. In vain does the B.B.C. urge dance-band singers to keep their accents English. At the same time, masses of people are improving their English accents until it hurts—the listener.

The jargon we hear, set in with Socialism in power. The idea is: if you can find a more obscure or circumlocutory way of putting a thing, do so. Example: an official of British Railways, giving evidence, referred to "the passimeter." The magistrate looked up. "What's that?" he asked. "The booking-office," replied the official without further explanation.

Phonier still, is the deliberate evasion of unpleasant facts by calling them by other names. The classic case of this is the use of the words "redundant" and "redundancy." "I'm redundant," I overheard a youth say. He might have been saying that he'd passed an examination, rather than that he'd been found to be in excess, superfluous, not wanted in his line, a ripe case for switching to something else—or unemployment pay cut off.

Disguising of unpalatable truths by dressing them in mild and even attractive verbal toggery stimulates whitewashing and glossing-over when it comes to having to judge people's conduct or competence. When I read that so-and-so are "a fine body of men," I usually know what to expect: that they have been falling down on their job or holding the public to ransom.

Right up at the top, on the floor of the United Nations, sham is the word. What phonier than the spectacle of a Vyshinski red in the gills for two or three hours as he expels ghastly charges against the West whose delegates sit suavely by, and who then beamingly attend a cocktail party given by some of those delegates?

But, then, Russia is, of course, the biggest phoney of the lot, what with her invention of everything under the sun, her "confessions" and "autocriticisms," her wild distortion of contemporary history we can all remember, her black-is-white propaganda, her reliance on dissembling and deceit—not least to preserve those most valuable of supporters: *men who are not Communists*, not officially anyway.

Even the Russian athletes at Helsinki were phoneys to the extent that they were about as amateur-trained as the Brooklyn Dodgers or the Braves. The State athlete has come to stay and should gradually dominate the Olympics.

SPORT. Art. Culture. It doesn't much matter where you look. Very soon there's something phoney.

Take the enthusiasms of Bach and Brahms worshippers who camp on the pavement and later screech themselves silly in veneration of conductors who (*Continued on page 58*)

have had to tell them to shut up and not be such fools. One of them (Sir Malcolm Sargent, I think) said outright that something has gone wrong with English musical audiences. Merely a touch of phoneyness, my dear maestro.

What a pity that composers, with few exceptions, can't write real tunes any more. This leads to one of the most brazen forms of phoneyness: fastening on to delightful old airs whose copyright has lapsed, altering a bar or two, and re-launching them under a new title. A glad-eared public thinks "The Loveliest Night Of The Year" is a product of these times ("who said we couldn't write good tunes any more?"). It was one of the most popular waltzes of the late Victorian and Edwardian eras: "Over The Waves."

The other morning I woke up to find someone had rearranged "The Londonderry Air." I can't see how it's tolerated—the right these insignificant band leaders arrogate to themselves to work their fancy on any tune that suggests itself. Anyhow, the effect of hearing famous passages "borrowed," which is what it usually amounts to—purloining of the ear's delight and surrounding it with a lot of hokum—is nothing if not phoney.

From Vermeer to Picasso, there never were such wholesale frauds in top-grade painting. That Dutchman who did it as well as Vermeer, and died, is really responsible. There exist on the Continent regular factories for turning out this and that master's works. But the oddest part is that rich patrons are often as aware that their purchases are fakes as the men who contrive them. What does a little thing like that matter if the phoney article looks as good on the wall, as the real thing would, and is just as faithfully signed?

CULTURE. Have you read the potted classics? They do give an odd impression. It is all part and parcel of the astonishing distortions of history and rehashes of classical works that the films have made popular, in which Cleopatra and Marie-Antoinette speak in the refined tones of Flatbush or Kensington, and behave like the dizzier sort of débutante or bobby-soxer.

The film publicity boys having rendered every known superlative useless, should now think in modest, deprecatory terms for their splurges. It would sound far less phoney. "This film isn't so bad really. Give it a trial!"

Incidentally, J. P. Marquand, the American author, lately drew a character from broadcasting who is the last word in contemporary phoneyness. A quiet and respectable journalist, because of a smooth and persuasive voice, he is built up by publicity agents into a famous radio commentator. We see him at the end, owning a large, pretentious house with a library chosen for its bindings and a stable waiting for horses that he has neither the time nor the inclination to ride.

As phoney as his culture are the saccharine half-truths he delivers over the air.

Phoney currencies composed mostly of base metals. Phoney architecture—did you know that the most flamboyant mass of our time, Hitler's Chancellery in Berlin, was fake from beginning to end? Even the famous pink marble walls, bits of which most of us brought back, were a cheap composite. The Russians only found out the colossal fake after they had removed a great deal of the Chancellery in order to erect a Soviet museum of victory. Maybe they went ahead all the same.

The Germany of Ramcke's neo-Nazism has set off on its career positively soaked in the phoney and the false. At its very first elections it easily beat all records for dissembling and deceit in respect of party labels.

We all know how that simple, innocent democracy has been bamboozled by smart politicians who give their parties and groups the most innocuously sounding names—usually further camouflaged by incomprehensible initials. Well, the new Nazis scooped the pool and scraped the barrel for every known political label ever used by friend or foe. This gave them 103 different political styles and they used them all.

Who said this wasn't a fawney age? I haven't exhausted my list either.

Whale meat masquerading as *Entrecôte Minute*. "Sherry type" wines. Men's suits made from groundnuts. Phoney Christians.

New Year Resolution: To be more true and real, honest, open, straight.

END

Those Were The Days (*Continued from page 17*)

the truth and forget that she is but mortal and a woman. When putting the question, as it is termed, be careful not to allow her to suppose that your happiness, or even your comfort, depends on her assent; recollect that you are making a proposal, not begging a boon."

That paragraph is quite mild compared with others that followed. Such as: "Teach her beforehand that the marriage ceremony is not a mere matter of form; and explain fully the meaning of the word *obey*. Be careful, at church, that she repeats every word distinctly after the clergyman, that she may afterwards have no excuse for acting in opposition. When you take her home, tell her that she is to command your servants, but that you are to command her. On placing in her hand the household sceptre, make her understand that she is only a tributary sovereign, and that you are her liege lord." Real cave man stuff, that!

Maxim number 12 was withering: "If she be witty, teach her that the best mode of showing it is to *conceal* it!"

NOW that you have read, marked, learned and inwardly digested how to humour the brute, stand by for a few words on that touchy question of domestic economy as instilled into the young wives of great-grandma's day. The following was printed in the form of a letter from husband to wife. The bravest of Editors around Fleet Street wouldn't risk their jobs (or lives!) to-day by seriously publishing such explosive material:

> "Dear Anna. I know your generous heart will forgive me if I appear to chide, but I propose to give you a few hints on domestic economy. In purchasing anything, first ask yourself if you really want it and whether you can do without it. I have often thought it would be better if you spent less upon your person. Try, my dear, to look respectable and genteel, but do not be *gaudy* (!) What you spend in *over*-dressing yourself would be a considerable sum in my pocket. I hope to be home in a fortnight's time. Do let me see that you have attended to my suggestions when I return."

Here are a few words you may (or may not) find useful, written in the form of a model letter from a mother to her newly-wed daughter, which also touch on domestic economy. "Always have by you a large supply of everything necessary for the household. Have your bread made and baked at home, as it is much sweeter and more wholesome than bakers' and more economical. Buy the best flour and have it by the sack." What *would* great-grandma think of sliced and wrapped loaves!

I WON'T tantalize you by dwelling at length on the abundance of good food—in the kitchens of the wealthy, at any rate—in those good old days beyond recall, but I did spot one or two recipes which made me wince, such as the following for making a home-made syrup drink called capillaire: "Mix six eggs, well beat up, with fourteen pounds of loaf sugar and three pounds of coarse sugar . . ." And this little recipe you may like to try for American Puffetts for tea or breakfast: "Take four pints of milk, two pounds of butter, two pounds of sugar, ten eggs and four pints of home-made yeast. Mix into a stiff batter and bake in the usual manner." You could manage it easily by saving up your rations for a year or two. Those *were* the days. . . .

Pleasures and pastimes? I cannot do better than refer you to an article I came across entitled: "The Choice of Uplifting Pastimes." You will, I know, be thrilled to bits, for among those recommended for young ladies we find sketching, boating (if not too strenuous), botany, entomology, zoology and conchology (which, if you may not know, is the gentle art of collecting shells). Picnicking and wild-flower collecting were other breath-taking occupations, whilst the tending of the family aquarium was definitely the joy and responsibility of the daughters of the household.

Home amusements, of course, were a great feature of the era. The magic lantern was at the height of its popularity; so were shadowettes, charades and "wonderful scientific experiments." A very curious pastime of the fifties was the art of weaving and plaiting ornaments of human hair. An elaborate plait, known as the *rouleau* head-dress, required a special table on which to plait it. Two tassels were added, and the whole work of art was fitted around the "bun" on the back of the head. Most becoming, don't you think?

Paris had an even greater influence on fashions in those days than it has now. Being a mere male I cannot do better than to quote from the fashion columns of the day. "Caps now favoured are of the most charming description. The favourite forms are rounded at the ears and trimmed with roses. Plaided silk dresses are now much worn, trimmed with flounces cut at the cross. Fringes are put on in several rows around the lower part of the dress. The latest shawls are of sparkling red *crêpes de Chine*, richly embroidered; or of light blue with numberless rows of fringe." Ostrich feathers were much in vogue, but the length of the feathers had to be just so to be considered "chic."

Wasp-waists were definitely "it," but the medical profession was already strongly opposing extremes in stays and corsets. One doctor quoted an instance of a lady who visited a friend in Turkey. When the ladies of that household beheld her stays they were horrified. They thought it was an Englishman's method of punishing his wife for some wrong-doing!

And what happy hours our sisters of the 1850s spent in company with their work-baskets. What truly creative work was fashioned by their nimble and seemingly tireless fingers. Under the general heading of "Our Work-Table Friend" I found in one old set of volumes some very enlightening advice on Ladies' Night-caps in Crochet, Irish Point for Trimming a Bonnet, Fuchsia Pattern Smoking Cap for Gentleman, Knitted Covers for Oil Lamp Stands, How To Make An Octagonal Antimacassar, Lace Covers For Marmalade Jars And Goldfish Bowls, Novelties In Bead And Bugle Work, and a host of other articles equally useful—or should I say ornamental?

And now, gentle reader, may I conclude with a few well-chosen words from the past addressed to Young Ladies On The Importance Of Gentle Behaviour? "You need not be rude and boisterous with young companions but may share in all kinds of games and play Blind Man's Buff with little children, and yet never lose command of yourself so as to become hoydenish and unfeminine. Loud laughter and boisterous merriment should be avoided."

Ah me—how times have changed. But perhaps it's just as well they have. Let's drink a toast to the good *new* days of 1953!

END

Three Suitors For Helène (*Continued from page 8*)

How lovely Helène would look with this background.

The hospital commandant was retiring. The doc. knew he would take over the job. That meant the commandant's flat. It was a big place and needed a woman.

How right he had been to chuck the practice. Everything was here except Helène. She must be twenty-two by now. Old enough with her domestic training to take over.

What was he waiting for? Why not write to M. Albrand and ask formally for his daughter's hand? Just hinting that the suggestion would not be unwelcome.

The doc. wrote September 1, 1948, at the top of his letter. . . .

JOHNNY sat in a little room behind the laboratories of the *Fraunhofer Institut*. On his shoulders were the crowns and stars of a lieutenant-colonel. He had stopped being a soldier. He was back in his research days.

An image of Helène had filled his mind. Now its place was taken by the mental picture of apparatus he had just seen. Apparatus in the string and sealing-wax stage. He had found it dusty in a corner. Dr. Plendl said it was an abortive experiment. But it wasn't. Why hadn't the Jerries seen its possibilities?

Johnny picked up a pen and began to write a report.

The Oxford laboratory overlooked the Parks. Sometimes Johnny would look out at the fresh young green. He thought of Helène. It seemed the next time he looked the leaves were russet and gold. The thought of Helène was firmly put on one side. First the job. It was all bringing him nearer to a day in Paris.

Then the bleak spring of 1948. Johnny stood on the windy cliffs of south-west Wales. A group of officers stood with him. Batteries of heavy guns ranged to right and left. In their midst stood a dull green-painted van, a curious structure on its roof. Johnny's box of tricks they called it.

The former Battery Captain was the honoured guest in the mess. His right hand was sore from shaking.

On the first day of September, Johnny sat in a London hotel. The day before, the King had thanked him. And the Prime Minister. He was to receive a reward. How much was it? Twenty thousand pounds? Or had they said twenty-five thousand pounds? No matter. To Johnny, it represented a gracious house. A university research appointment. The reward of his own foresight and determination. And Helène shining like a jewel amidst the wives of the Dons.

Now was the time to write. He drew a sheet of paper towards him. . . .

AT the beginning of December, Colonel Sheraton sat in his office. The adjutant placed a pile of letters before him. The first ordered him to a conference in Hamburg. To discuss instruction in the new methods of gunnery. Secret. The second he turned in his fingers. It was addressed to Port Said. Forwarded to Suez. Forwarded to Cairo. Forwarded to Marseilles. Address unknown. Return to sender.

At the same moment the doc. was standing in his flat. A silent-footed German servant had just brought the Herr Kommadant a letter. It bore the postmarks of Port Said, Suez, Cairo and Marseilles. It had come back home.

The Head Porter of an Oxford college had addressed an envelope to Dr. J. Wilson. Care of the Four Seasons Hotel, Hamburg. In it he placed a letter returned to Mr. Wilson. It looked from the postmarks as if it had been half round the world.

The Fates, being feminine, giggled as they began a new pattern.

Johnny was signing the register when the colonel arrived.

There was so much to say. A week together would not be enough. What a pity the doc. wasn't there. Do you remember . . . ? What about that day when. . . .

The doc. walked in.

The name of Helène was not mentioned.

The conference was over. The Colonel, R.A., the Colonel, R.A.M.C. and Johnny were drinking in the downstairs bar of the Four Seasons. They spoke of Christmas. Leave together would be fun. There were plenty of leave centres. Where should it be?

What about Paris, said the doc. Let's go to Paris, said Harry. Both together.

Letters can be forwarded Johnny thought.

The rue de Douai is not in a fashionable quarter of Paris. Children play in its gutters. Petticoats are trailed along its curb. But it gives shelter to *provincials*. One area of it is aromatic with saffron. Thus the Café Marius advertises itself. And with its notice. *Proprietaire Jules Chablos. Spécialité de la Maison—Bouillabaisse.*

THE smell of saffron halted the three friends. They turned to one another. Bouillabaisse they said. Cairo. Opposite Jimmy's. What was the place called? Au Gamache. The Taverne Française. Bouillabaisse on Fridays. Why not now?

They entered.

In a little glazed cage by the door sat Madame la Patronne. She was enormously fat. But the grey eyes of youth peeped over the ponderous cheeks. Fingers like bleached sausages jingled coins in the till by her side. A three-year-old child played on the few square inches of floor.

She watched the Englishmen eating, her massive bosom rising and falling.

Her eyes were downcast as she took their money. The door bell jangled.

The *patronne* gazed, preoccupied, into the street. A tear stole over the bloated cheek. The child could not attract her attention. He tugged at her skirt and wailed. "*Maman. Maman.*"

She looked down at him. Her wedding ring made a sharp crack against the child's head. She called across the empty café to the man behind the bar. "*Un Pernod, Jules.*"

"*Tout de suite, Helène,*" he replied.

On their way back to the hotel the friends talked of Port Said. Of M. Albrand's parties. They did not speak of Helène. Each was thinking of her. They did not understand why.

Two Fates were laughing silently as they drew apart threads from the loom of life. The third sister sharpened her scissors.

END

Backcloth For The Bard (*Continued from page 20*)

back to a short apron, later to disappear altogether. Stages, no longer open to the sky, were lit by candles hanging above the actors' heads in hoops—singularly inappropriate one supposes in outdoor scenes, as well as discomforting the performers who were subjected to hot wax dripping upon their heads.

Another change was brought about by King Charles, fresh from the Continent, who authorized the appearance of actresses on the public stage where hitherto boys had played all women's parts. He stated, with what must have seemed odd logic to the more naïve of his subjects, that his decision arose out of a desire to promote morality in the theatre.

From then, through the stage reigns of Betterton, Cibber and Garrick to the end of the eighteenth century, Shakespeare, in a mutilated form, was played in the costumes of the period on candlelit stages against stock scenery—beautifully painted flats representing "forest," "castle," "bedchamber," possibly used the next week in, say, Congreve. A Desdemona dressed like a victim of the French Revolution, a Macbeth looking like Dr. Johnson, or a Benedick in smart military uniform are strange and joyous thoughts to us. But they were quite acceptable then, as was an Antony in conventional Roman clothes acting with a Cleopatra in a ravishing Empire gown. For, although some concession to historical accuracy *was* made in the Eastern and Roman plays as regards actors, the actresses, without exception, clothed themselves as magnificently as they could from, to a great extent, their own wardrobes.

It seems probable that Shakespeare himself attached no importance to accuracy so far as costume was concerned, perhaps upholding that his characters were of no real period or place but common to all time.

But times and tastes change and the ascension of Macready to the top flight of actors at the beginning of the nineteenth century brought a fanatic attention to these matters.

THIS prim, meticulous actor dominated the English stage through the Georgian years and the first two decades of Victoria. He sought the advice of antiquaries, introduced historically accurate dresses to an astonished public, decorated his stage with new, elaborately painted scenery, and agonized over the details of costumes and sets.

But his great service in restoring the plays to something nearer Shakespeare's own compositions than the mangled texts of his predecessors did not blind some critics to the dangers of so much magnificence. Nevertheless, this style was even developed by the actors Charles Kean and Phelps.

When Victoria had spanned her marathon reign by half, the great Henry Irving arrived to intrigue and fascinate London. Now the step towards over-decoration was inevitable. Irving's productions were remarkably spectacular, superbly acted, and, let it be whispered, *slow*. The time taken to change from scene to scene demanded the surgeon's knife on the text if the audiences were to be home by midnight, and it was said that the crowds which flocked to the Lyceum went there to "see" Shakespeare.

The method of Irving was the method of Tree. On the stage at His Majesty's Edwardians saw real rabbits, real horses with embarrassing habits, real waterfalls, and real grass which had to be mowed regularly by stage hands.

But as the century turned, a brilliant scholar named William Poel, then considered a crank, was starting a reaction against extravagant staging which was to have a resounding effect. In unpublicized productions he put his actors back into Elizabethan costume, dispensed with scenery, and placed every emphasis on the text. He was the first advocate, since the Globe days, of the simple, uncorrupted production. Granville Barker adapted Poel's methods at the Savoy in 1913 with sensational results. The wheel had come full circle.

To-day we see recognition of Poel's theories on all stages where Shakespeare is performed, with, of course, a deep bow in the direction of less austerity. The productions at Stratford, in the West End, and at the Old Vic are swift and true to the text. The actors play against decorative yet functional settings which are unchanging or can be altered with immense speed, and the costumes are vivid and exciting, designers often breaking away from any slavish obedience to the exact dictates of period.

The day after a first night many years ago a critic wrote that the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy could now be settled for ever. "Open their graves," he said, "and see who turned over last night." Poor Shakespeare, lying inviolable in his grave in Holy Trinity Church, must have often turned over since he first rested there. But let us hope that he has also, sometimes, wanted to break out from his hallowed vault to cheer.

END

Mayfair's Changing Face (*Continued from page 12*)

the would-be Mayfair dweller goes elsewhere to live, lessening the district's resident population still further.

Thus the logical answer to Mayfair's predicament would seem in truth to be increased business penetration. But here the tale of economic stringency has a strange twist. For while property-owners want to develop the area commercially, the planners want to keep it residential.

Part of the £540 million County of London development plan is committed to keep business out of Mayfair. This seems rather like Canute's attempt to stem the rising sea, and recently heard objections to the plan have emphasized the opposition to the business veto.

But the L.C.C. planners have one very powerful ally—the transport authorities. London Transport Executive look with misgiving on perhaps another 50,000 office workers entering the area and have voiced strong objections to turning Mayfair over to the business men.

They have made, too, a powerful case. Bus and tube routes serving the district are, they say, already overloaded, evening rush-hour buses down Park Lane, for example, being so packed that queuers regularly have to wait fifteen minutes for a place.

And there is another aspect of the Mayfair problem which must give pause to those who would flood the quarter with thousands more workers. Where would these newcomers eat? Already Mayfair's working population has outstripped the restaurant and café accommodation of this part of W.1 and faces a daily lunch-time scramble.

Postal bottlenecks, too, are causing trouble in Mayfair. In once-quiet Curzon Street there is one pillar-box; and this is often so crammed in the afternoons with business mail that late-comers cannot post their letters and have to await the arrival of the postman with his bag.

To ease this impediment to Mayfair's business communications was one of the aims of the late Curzon Street Society (a body affiliated to the Westminster Chamber of Commerce). By organizing a petition and a deputation to the Postmaster-General the society obtained a promise that Curzon Street would have its post-office.

Now, as an indication of the neighbourhood's increasingly commercial flavour, the Curzon Street Society has become the Mayfair Association, whose extended parish covers the area Bond Street to Park Lane and Piccadilly to Grosvenor Square.

NOT that Mayfair was always the most strait-laced of places in the past. It began to be a residential area early in the eighteenth century, and soon became as notorious as the Fleet Prison for the secret marriages that were celebrated in a chapel in Curzon Street by a certain Dr. George Keith.

Here the raffish men-about-town of Georgian days could, for a fee, marry the girls of their choice expeditiously and privately, with no questions asked.

It was here that, in 1752, one of the most famous of society beauties, the youngest of the ravishing Gunning sisters, was married. At a reception at Chesterfield House, Mayfair, she attracted the Duke of Hamilton so violently that he insisted on making her his wife immediately. And finding no reputable parson to perform the ceremony without a licence or ring he took Miss Gunning to the Mayfair Chapel after midnight and wedded her by placing on her finger a ring torn off his bed-curtain.

Finally, in 1754, an Act of Parliament put a stop to the scandalous practice—but on the day before the chapel closed sixty-one eager couples were united in dubious wedlock.

After that Mayfair became tolerably respectable and increasingly smart. Its heyday as London's most sought-after living-space has been long.

Revolution was the word used above to describe the change that has recently come over Mayfair. Should it rather be counter-revolution? For before the smart residential build-up of the eighteenth century and the red-carpeted routs and receptions of more recent days, Mayfair was May Fair—as frankly commercial a haunt as any in London. So it seems that Mayfair once again means business.

Paper Chase (*Continued from page 30*)

if possible to visit one of the large wholesale showrooms. They are to be found in every big city. These showrooms don't sell direct to the public, but they will supply the chosen goods to a specified local decorator. They will be surprised if the customer does *not* demand reasonably large samples, say a yard long.

It is a good plan to live with each pattern, pinned to the wall, for a day or two. In any case, papers, like fabrics, should be seen both in daylight and the type of light used in the home. This is particularly vital to-day when so many showrooms have fluorescent lighting which changes certain colours completely.

Our choice of colour and pattern will obviously be related to the effect we wish to achieve. So it is useful to know how certain colours and patterns are likely to behave in certain conditions.

North light and ordinary electric light are great colour thieves. They will rob a delicately tinted paper of whatever colour it has. Nothing was ever more false than the old tag about north rooms needing pale colours. What they do need are brilliant, warm colours that can afford to lose something without becoming insipid. Pale yellows are particular sufferers in north or artificial light and fade to a dreary cream. The sunny room, used more by day than by night, is the place for the soft pastel papers. Colours that seem vicious in daylight will be toned down considerably by artificial light: a point to remember when, as sometimes happens in a dining room, paper is to be seen mostly at night.

A large, broken pattern or dark colours tend to make an area seem smaller than it is; an oft-repeated design and light colours make it apparently bigger. Dark or strong colours—particularly red shades—bring surfaces apparently nearer the eye, while pale surfaces seem to recede.

A long, narrow room will seem less like a corridor if one end wall is papered with an obtrusive pattern in an "advancing" colour or with a horizontal stripe. A stripe in light colours, incidentally, will widen the room without bringing the end wall markedly nearer. The square box of a room will no longer seem square if one wall is papered, though whether it seems smaller or bigger depends on the paper and its relation to the other walls. The too-lofty room will be brought to more manageable proportions, if the ceiling is papered in a dark colour with a small pattern. And the low room will seem higher if the ceiling is lighter than the walls or if the walls have a vertical stripe. An irregular flowing pattern will disguise uneven surfaces or projecting piers which would be accentuated by a regular, formal design.

Wallpaper used as a background for a sideboard or divan is a piece of pure decoration—used as we might use a large picture—so it can be as decorative as we like. This is the place for the rich colours and bold design: the Chinese paper with a black ground, the elegant *Toile de Jouy* or the sumptuous damask flock paper, any of which would be overpowering in larger quantities.

If, on the other hand, we like pictures on our walls, we don't want a paper that competes with them. Most pictures demand a perfectly plain background. But formalized botanical and similar prints—which, incidentally, often have their own white background—would not conflict with a paper in the same tradition, say, a small Empire wreath, a stripe or a simple fleur-de-lis.

This question of tradition, or "mood," is important, too, when it comes to choosing patterns to go with existing furnishings. Are they formal or informal? Sophisticated or unsophisticated? It is a question of the designer's approach. The rusticity of a *Toile de Jouy* seems unsophisticated enough, but it is the rusticity of a court playing at shepherds and shepherdesses in a quite different tradition from the authentic rusticity of a folk-weave. The conventionalized, "static" design of Empire wreaths or fleur-de-lis is the quintessence of sophistication and there can be nothing more formal than a stripe. The naturalistic and essentially frivolous chintz nosegay is based on an entirely different idiom from the stylized modern floral design, though the subject is the same.

Recipes Recalled (*Continued from page 49*)

Now prepare the filling by creaming ¼ lb. margarine. Add 2 oz. candied peel, cut small, ½ lb. cleaned currants, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, a little lemon juice. Grease a flat baking-sheet, roll the pastry into two ¼-inch thick layers to fit. Place one at the bottom of the baking-sheet, then spread the filling evenly, finally add the top layer of pastry. Cut slits in the top about 1½ inches apart, so that the filling will show when baked.

Brush over with white of egg, or a little milk, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and bake in a moderately hot oven. Cut into squares while still hot.

Last of all, let me entrust to your reverent care my very own recipe for *Ginger Cake*. This is that rich, dark, moist, sticky cake you dream of, enriched with fruit and thickly topped with almonds. You will need:

1 lb. flour; 2 tsp. cream of tartar; 1½ tsp. ground ginger; 4 oz. crystallized ginger; 2 oz. candied peel; 2 oz. sultanas; 4 oz. golden syrup; 4 oz. brown sugar; 2 oz. whole almonds; 2 eggs; ½ lb. margarine; 1 flat tsp. bicarbonate of soda; a little milk.

Sieve the flour with the cream of tartar, bicarbonate and ginger. Rub in the margarine, then add sugar, ginger, fruit and peel. You may add a little grated orange peel, but this is optional. Whisk the eggs and after warming the syrup very slightly, beat the eggs into it. Stir egg and syrup mixture into the dry mixture and beat well till thoroughly blended. Grease and flour a large oblong cake tin and place the mixture into it, hollowing the centre slightly, so that the cake will rise evenly. Blanch and split the almonds and scatter over the top of the cake. Cover with a greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour. Remove the greased paper for the last 10 minutes.

Lovely, lovely ginger cake! I even think of it in a hushed voice!

END

1.1.53

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